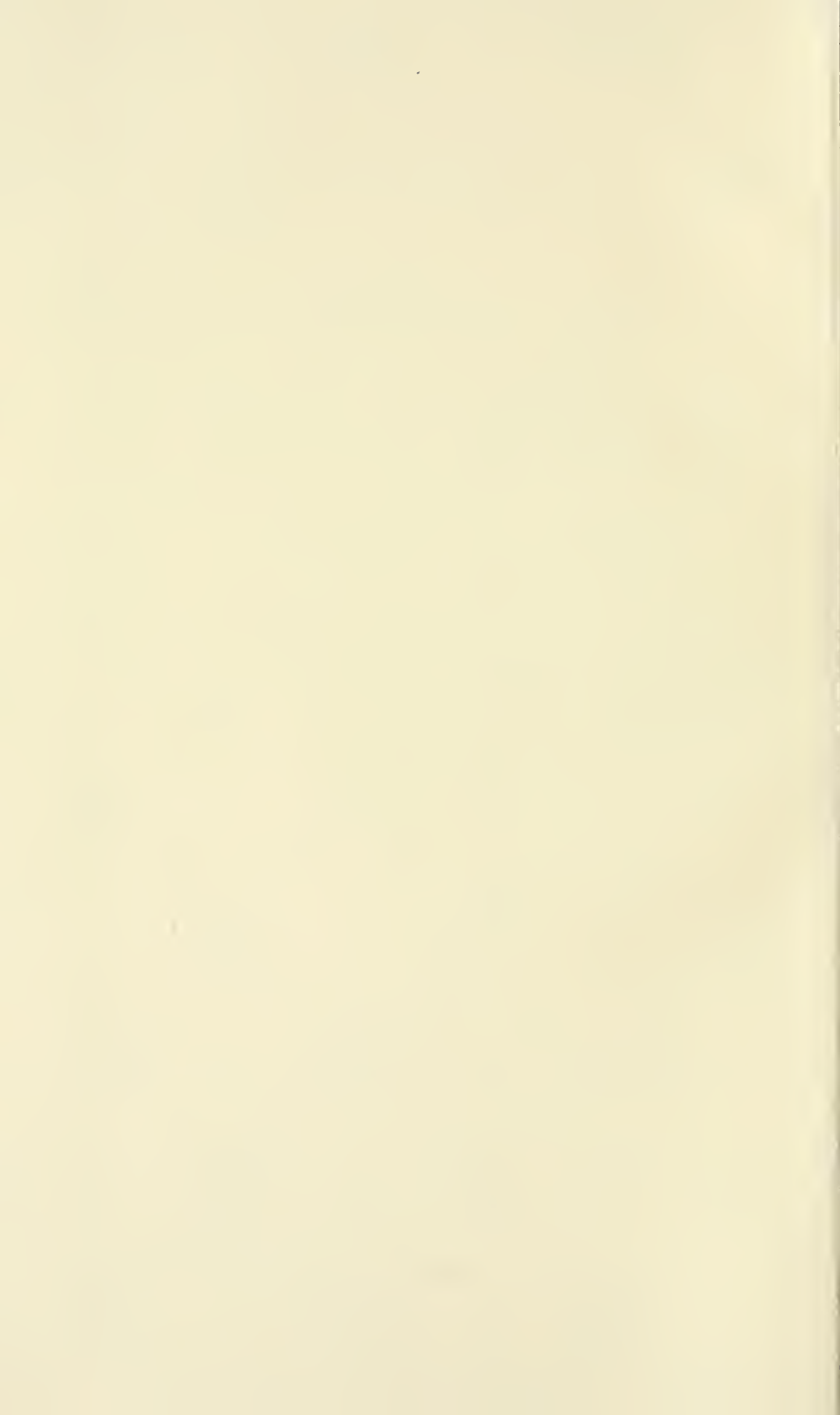


OVERVIEW
OF THE
RECORDS OF
THE
SHIP



WILSON, GORDON



GROVER CLEVELAND: A RECORD OF FRIENDSHIP

BY
RICHARD WATSON GILDER

17

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK
THE CENTURY CO.
1910

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Published October, 1910

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GROVER CLEVELAND:
A RECORD OF FRIENDSHIP



CLEVELAND

Poem Read by Richard Watson Gilder at the
Cleveland Memorial Meeting in
Carnegie Hall, March 18, 1909.

I.

He shrank from praise, this simple-hearted man—
Therefore we praise him! Yet, as he would wish,
Chiefly our praise not for the things he did,
But for his spirit in doing. Ah, great heart,
And humble! Great and simple heart! forgive
The homage we may not withhold! Strong soul!
Thou brave and faithful servant of the State,
Who labored day and night in little things,
No less than large, for the loved country's sake,
With patient hand that plodded while others slept!
Who flung to the winds preferment and the future,
Daring to put clear truth to the perilous test,
Fearing no scathe if but the people gained,
And happiest far in sacrifice and loss.
Yes, happiest he when, plain in all men's sight,
He turned contemptuous from the lure of place,
Spurning the laurel that should crown success
Soiled by surrender and a perjured soul.

II.

The people! Never once his faith was dimmed
In them his countrymen; ah, never once;
For if doubt shook him, 't was but a fleeting mood;
Though others wavered, never wavered he.
Though madness, like a flood, swept o'er the land,
This way, now that; though love of self subdued
The civic conscience, still he held his faith,
Unfaltering, in man's true-heartedness,
And in the final judgment of free men.

III.

Firm with the powerful, gentle with the weak,
His was the sweetness of the strong! His voice
Took tenderness in speech with little folk,
And he was pitiful of man and brute.
So, for the struggle with high things of state,
He strengthened his own heart with kindly deeds—
His own heart strengthened for stern acts of power
That, fashioned in the secret place of thought,
And in the lonely and the silent shrine
Of conscience, came momentous on the world:
Built stronger the foundations of the State;
Upheld the word of honor, no whit less
'Twixt nation and nation than 'twixt man and man;
Held righteousness the one law of the world,
And higher set the hopes of all mankind.

IV.

Lonely the heart that listens to no voice
Save that of Duty; lonely he how oft
When, turning from the smooth, advised path,
He climbed the chill and solitary way;
Wondering that any wondered, when so clear
The light that led—the light of perfect faith
And passion for the right, that fire of heaven
Wherein self dies, and only truth lives on!
Lonely how oft when, with the statesman's art,
He waited for the fullness of the time,
And wrought the good he willed by slow degrees,
And in due order conquered wrong on wrong.
Lonely how oft when 'mid dark disesteem
He moved straightforward to a longed-for goal,
Doing each day the best he might, with vision
Firm fixt above, kept pure by pure intent.

V.

Some souls are built to take the shocks of the world,
To interpose against blind currents of fate,
Or wrath, or ignorant purpose, a fixt will;
Against the bursting storm a front of calm;
As, when the Atlantic rages, some stern cliff
Hurls back the tempest and the ponderous wave.
So stood he firm when lesser wills were broken;
So he endured when others failed and fell;
Bearing, in silent suffering, the stress,
The blame, the burden of the fateful day.

VI.

So single and so simple was his mind,
So unperturbed by learned subtleties,
And so devout of justice and the right —
His thought, his act, held something of the prime:
The wide, sure vision of the ancient day
Prophetic; even a touch of nature's force—
Large, elemental, healing; builded well
On the deep bases of humanity.

VII.

O strong oak riven! O tower of defense
Fallen! O captain of the hosts struck down!
O cries of lamentation — turning swift
To sounds of triumph and great victories!
For into the hands of one of humble soul
Great trust was laid, and he that trust fulfilled.
So he who died accomplished mighty deeds,
And he who fought has won the infinite peace,
And sleeps enshrined in his own people's hearts,
And in the praise of nations and the world,
And rests immortal among the immortal Great.

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INTRODUCTION

It has seemed to the writer not only an obligation of friendship but of patriotism to make some record of the personality of Mr. Cleveland as revealed in an intimacy of many years. The large traits of his character, and those important public services which far transcended partisan accomplishment, have made their impress upon the American people and the world. They were eloquently described by high officials and leading men of the two great parties of the nation at the Memorial Meetings of March 18, 1909, on the seventy-second anniversary of Mr. Cleveland's birth. Sympathetic speakers and writers have told much, also, of his characteristics and his daily walk, but the full portrait has not yet been rounded out. I

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desire merely to add a few intimate touches to that portrait, not thinking to complete it; but only to help loyally toward its completion.

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“ ONE WHO DID HIS BEST ”



MR. LOWELL wrote to me in 1887: “ I am glad that you have been seeing the President. To me his personality is very *simpatico*. He is truly an American of the best kind — a type very dear to me, I confess.” There are many of our American authors who felt as Mr. Lowell did about Mr. Cleveland. I suppose the very fact that he was not “ literary ” was a part of the attraction — the fact that he was educated, as Taine said of Napoleon, not by books or academies, but by

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actualities. They liked his lack of sophistication, his rustic simplicity of thought, that went along with great directness and vigor of action. They were attracted, too, by his "moral fury" and his courage. That Mr. Cleveland should be instinctively impressed by the ethical bearings of public questions was, perhaps, natural in a descendant and brother of clergymen, missionaries, and teachers; the cousin of Bishop Cleveland Coxe; one of the same stock which has produced the philanthropists William E. Dodge and his children. I heard Professor Child of Harvard say that he was always expecting to see some second-rate politician put up a base imitation of Cleveland's downright-ness and bravery; but even the imitation had not been forthcoming.

It would not be easy to exaggerate in describing Mr. Cleveland's singular union of quiet self-confidence with unpretentiousness and even self-depreciation. I have seldom known him to show so much

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pleasure in any appreciation of himself as in those lines of Lowell contained in a letter sent to Josiah Quincy, chairman of the banquet given in 1890 by the Merchants' Association of Boston, in which lines Lowell did not repeat the high praise he had given him on other occasions, but simply accorded the ex-President credit for honest intentions, and for merely doing his best.

Let who has felt compute the strain
Of struggle with abuses strong,
The doubtful course, the helpless pain
Of seeing best intents go wrong.
We who look on with critic eyes,
Exempt from action's crucial test,
Human ourselves, at least are wise
In honoring one who did his best.

That was Mr. Cleveland's claim about his own performance — that he did the best he could. When with intimate friends he would talk about his successes and failures on the stage of the world as unpretentious-

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ly as if discussing some unrenowned neighborhood affair. It was a strange experience, when off alone with the ex-President in a rowboat on some secluded sheet of water, to hear one's fishing companion, while skilfully getting ready his tackle, talk with inside knowledge, and in phrases as graphic as they were homely, of great international events in which he was himself a leading actor, and naming unostentatiously some of the leading living characters of the world. When he fell into reminiscences of this sort, it was apparently without any sense whatever of his own historic importance. I have never seen such unconsciousness.

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MY FIRST TALK WITH THE PRESIDENT —
THE MESSAGE THAT DEFEATED HIM.



I had had the honor of meeting Mr. Cleveland at the White House before his marriage, but really came to know him only later in his first administration. My first talk with him was at the time of our visit to the White House early in December, 1887. My wife and young son had gone down to Washington a few days before, and I arrived on Sunday afternoon. We sat talking till about eleven o'clock, when the ladies retired, and the President asked me to go with him into his working room, which was then the library.

He knew of my interest in the cause of international copyright, and said at once: "I want to tell you why I cannot mention international copyright in my message. The fact is, I am going to devote the message to one subject only."

He went on with intense earnestness:

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“I can’t tell you, Mr. Gilder, what anxiety we were in last summer. I don’t want to live through another such time. It seemed for a long while as if the country were on the verge of a panic. I thought of calling an extra session, but after we got back from our Western tour, things were quieter, and I feared that the call for an extra session would itself have an alarming effect. If there had been such a session, I should have sent in a special message on the necessity of reducing the surplus; and when I determined *not* to call one, I hated to relinquish the idea of doing something that would be likely to do good in the direction of tariff reduction. At last it occurred to me that there was nothing in the Constitution which required that the annual message should, as is usual, go over the entire public business. The Constitution only says, that the President ‘shall, from time to time, give to the Congress information of the state of the Union.’ There was no reason why the

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message should not be confined to a single subject. I spoke to several persons about it: sometimes they would say at first: 'Oh, no, that can't be done;' then after thinking about it, they would say: 'But why not? Why, certainly, it's a good idea; it is just the thing to do.'"

He then took from the drawer at his right hand a printed copy of the message, and read the last part of it aloud; then, seeing how deeply interested I was, he turned to the beginning and thus read nearly or quite all. As he read the now famous message on the reduction of the tariff, he explained minutely why he said this or that; also what he had omitted for the sake of brevity and clearness.

What impressed me was the note of earnestness and conviction. His tone was that of a person trying to effect a great good for the state without the slightest regard to his own personal fortunes. He was so assured of the righteousness and reasonableness of the position assumed that

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he felt that if the public could only understand the actual situation, there would be an influence upon Congress which would effect the necessary reforms. He was inspired by the idea of a "simple and plain duty." "It is a condition which confronts us — not a theory." These now familiar words were the expression of an intense conviction. However, he saw clearly and stated clearly the difficulties in the way, even the difficulties of thoroughly uniting his own party on the issue. I said to him that the document would be more widely read than any put forth since the war, and that it would have the tendency to make annual messages matters of importance instead of merely perfunctory and uninfluential performances. There was nothing said or suggested by either of us as to the effect of this appeal to the country upon his own continuance in office. The message, as is generally believed, lost him the approaching election; but it was

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the groundwork of his subsequent nomination and second election to the Presidency.

TARIFF REFORMERS ADVISE AGAINST THE MESSAGE



Colonel Silas W. Burt, who, because of his position in Albany as Chief Examiner of the State Civil Service Commission when Mr. Cleveland was Governor, had seen more of him personally than any of the Independents, tells me that just before the issuance of the tariff reform message there was a conference of Independents in New York, including Messrs. George William Curtis, Carl Schurz, and Edwin L. Godkin, at which he was requested to urge the President to keep the subject of lowering the tariff in abeyance in his forthcoming message to Congress. It was thought impolitic to bring up the question then, not only because it would imperil Cleveland's

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election, but because the opportunity of accomplishing a revision would be greater at the beginning of a Presidential term. Accordingly, Colonel Burt saw the President and laid before him the policy suggested. Mr. Cleveland sat silent a while after hearing him, looking steadily in another direction. Then he turned and said: "Colonel Burt, do you not think that the people of the United States are entitled to some instruction on this subject?" The President then went on to describe what he regarded as the possible dangers and disturbances that might result from the condition at that time — the existence of an enormous surplus, which was constantly being increased by means of a high tariff.

At the end of the conversation the Colonel said: "Well, Mr. President, if you feel that way, and look upon the matter as a duty, I suppose that you will have to say something on the subject in the message." Little did the Colonel anticipate that the message would be wholly devoted

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to that one subject. The incident, he said, increased his respect and admiration for Mr. Cleveland, and they had never since diminished.

COPYRIGHT AND FREE ART



I had not intended to mention international copyright to the President while his guest, although my interest in that cause was far from being a personal one. His mention of copyright was voluntary and unexpected. After the reading and discussion of the message, the President laid it down, turned round to me where I was sitting at his left, and said:

“Mr. Gilder, tell me why you take so much interest in international copyright?”

I told him that I regarded it as a moral question, that the attitude of America in permitting the piracy of the works of foreign authors was a national disgrace. He

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smiled as if pleased and satisfied, and remarked that Mark Twain had said the same thing in bringing the matter to his attention, but he wanted to know, also, how I felt about it.

“There is another matter,” he added, “that I think is shameful, and that is the way we treat foreign artists. Our young men get a fine art education in Europe, and we put a thirty per cent. duty on foreign works of art!” He added, as if speaking to himself, “By the by, perhaps we can do something about that in the bill.”

Nothing came of this immediately; but in Cleveland's second administration the Wilson Act contained a free-art provision.

As to international copyright, Mr. Cleveland, convinced of the moral bearings of the question, by every means in his power promoted the cause, and it was largely through his efforts that the measure, under the subsequent (Republican) administration, became a law. In order

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to call the favorable attention of Congress to the subject, he and Mrs. Cleveland gave an evening reception to many well-known authors at the White House, at which the Diplomatic Corps, the members of the Supreme Court, and influential members of Congress were brought into contact with the leaders of the international copyright movement. This was at the time of the Authors' Reading given in Washington in the interest of the reform, which reading was attended by the President and Mrs. Cleveland.

DISINTERESTED PUBLIC SERVANTS



This same winter I had a talk with him one night at the White House, in which he deplored the general extravagance. One sign of it, he said, was that people in business were not content nowadays with an income of even thirty or forty thousand dollars a year. He then began to talk

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very earnestly and like a man surprised at what he found to be the condition of things in Washington. He said that there were fewer absolutely disinterested men in Congress than he had expected to find. There were some, though, he declared; and he spoke especially of one who had acted against his constituency's supposed desire, had done what he believed was right,—and then had appealed to his constituency, and had been sustained. Under our present system, he thought the class of men intended by the framers of the Government to be its legislators were not, as a rule, coming to Congress. He felt that the writers for the press had a duty to the public in this matter. On this and other occasions he spoke of the carelessness, the recklessness, of legislation, and the curse of special private legislation of all kinds. For instance, defective or mischievous bills were passed supposedly under the approval of the chairman of a certain committee; they would keep coming,

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however, whether he was sick or well, and apparently without having received consideration. He said he would want no better campaign document than a pamphlet containing all his pension vetoes placed in every Grand Army Post in the country.

HOW CLEVELAND FELT ABOUT HIS FIRST ADMINISTRATION



ON the night of December 30, 1888, after his defeat by Mr. Harrison, I had a long talk with the President in his working room at the White House. It was a sort of review of his first administration. He spoke of his enormous difficulties — how from the very outset he had had to resist appeals to do what no man would rather do than he; namely, oblige his good personal friends.

One trouble was that good men, even civil-service-reform men, would sometimes

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recommend the retention of officials not desirable.

He spoke again of his astonishment at getting a letter from a leading civil-service reformer in New York, saying that the reformers did not consider that Dorman B. Eaton represented them. When he found this out, he wrote a grieved and severe letter. He was never more astonished in his life; he had been keeping in close sympathy with Eaton, supposing that his views were those of the reformers.

He told, also, all about the retention of Postmaster Pearson in New York. He wanted to keep him there as a conspicuous example of executive ability and thoroughness, an object-lesson in reform; the same with Edward O. Graves of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. There were charges against Pearson. He had him come to Washington and go over them carefully, so that he could meet them fully, as he did.

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He thought the reformers had been too quick to pick flaws and to condemn. He did not claim to be incapable of mistakes. But they were too apt, on hearing of removals, to believe that there were no good reasons for them — this on the testimony of the removed officials! He thought this criticism had put arguments into the mouth of the enemy; would lead people to believe that he had broken pledges, and that the future historian, reading these criticisms in papers that had supported him, would perpetuate this false impression. “They say I have gone back on every civil-service pledge. I should like to know what pledges I have broken!”

He said that, by the three moves recently made, they had covered a large proportion of the places that the law permitted to be put under the rules; that these reforms had been carried on independently of the reformers, and as a part of his general work. He said he made no distinction between that part of his duties connected

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directly with this subject of the civil-service rules and his general work; it all went on together.

He thought it likely that the work the Administration had actually done would be passed over as unimportant, or as failure; that there had been no brilliant things, like the acquisition of new territory. Something, however, might perhaps be said about the tariff message itself, he thought.

His tone was that of a man who had conscientiously done his very best, resisting pressure on all sides; although not without mistakes, clear in his own conscience, knowing that reforms had been effected, but expecting that the criticism of even his supporters would confuse the record, and never expecting a full recognition of his labors. He had heard, he added, that even a certain prominent reformer had said, in the first bitterness of defeat, that, after all, if the President had been more shrewd, and had placated the spoils-

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men more, he would have been reëlected.

During all of this visit he was not dejected, though he spoke with disgust of some of his own party in Congress who, knowing that he and the party were going out, were now ready to favor the very things the party had condemned. I told him that I had no fear as to his record — that he had effected, by his Administration, a favorable change in a great party, and had given it a policy.

BETWEEN THE TWO PRESIDENTIAL TERMS



Nothing in Mr. Cleveland's career was more remarkable than his conduct during the four years that he lived as a private citizen in New York between his two Presidential terms. Not the least exceptional circumstance in his career, by the way, was the fact that he was the only man elected to separated Presidential terms. He was, during this entire interval of four

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years, the principal figure in his party, though not its active leader. The party, in fact, had no acknowledged leader; yet all through these years the general public had no doubt as to the fact that he was the party's most notable figure.

I saw a great deal of him during this time, in New York, at Marion, and in journeys and visits here and there. The absence from his house of politicians was exceptional and noteworthy. He kept in touch with the people by means of a large correspondence carried on with committeemen of little clubs in various parts of the country, and with other politically sympathetic persons. This correspondence was not of his initiation. Whenever he thought a letter-writer was sincere, he would answer him,—always with his own hand,—and without keeping copies of his letters. I thought this rash, and wondered that no harm came of it. I remonstrated with him on the subject, but he said that any one would have to produce

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the letter itself, if claim should be made that he had written this or that; so he did not bother about it. He felt that he was sowing the seed of honest, and, what he called, "genuine Democracy" by this correspondence, and his habit in this respect had its effect upon future events.

During these four years he was practising law in New York. Of course old associates and visitors from out of town would drop in sometimes at his down-town office; but they seldom followed him up during his evening hours. He greatly prized the quiet and privacy of his home, after so many years of public service.

Here he was, living in the city in which existed the largest and most thoroughly disciplined political machine in his party, the strongest political organization in the country. A "logical candidate" might easily have permitted himself to cultivate some sort of "pleasant relations" with the leaders of the machine. But nothing of the kind was going on. Neither was

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there any attempt to manipulate "powerful leaders" or machine influences in other sections. His desire seemed to be not to "pull wires," but to act upon public opinion by occasional addresses, and, as I have said, by sympathetic responses to letters received from right-minded men all over the land, not in his own interest, but in the interest of the principles in which he believed.

CONDITION OF ACCEPTING NOMINATION



As time went on, he used sometimes to express amazement at the way some of the so-called leaders were willing to allow things to drift away from what he called the true principles of the Democratic Party. One summer when we were journeying alone from Marion to Providence, where he was to make an address, he spoke with great emphasis as to his possible candidacy, declaring that if his party wanted

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him again, it would have to take a very different course from that indicated by the opinion and action of some of its more prominent men. He said, with determination, that he would not consent to be a candidate unless on a basis of honest principle. This was in keeping with what he declared just before his third nomination, that he would "have the Presidency clean or not at all."

In our talks at Marion he was very much exercised over the fact that the Democratic leaders were apparently doing nothing to stem the tide of financial heresy. "What are they thinking about!" he exclaimed. He saw danger ahead for the party. When he talked on the possibilities of his becoming a candidate, it was in a tone of deprecation. He seemed to be searching in his mind to find some one else who, while uniting the party, would uphold the principles which he earnestly believed should be maintained.

As illustrating the independence and

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dignity of Mr. Cleveland's conduct during this whole critical period, I may mention a significant occurrence. Once during the out-of-office period, by request and with his consent, I introduced to him, at his country house, two acquaintances of mine. One of them, the editor of an influential religious and political paper, had a private conversation with him. When he came out, I asked the editor how he got along with the ex-President. "Splendidly," he said. "He is the greatest man I ever met — and he would n't promise to do a thing I wanted!"

Mr. Cleveland had told me before the interview that he would be very glad to see the gentlemen; he did not know — nor did I — what they might wish from him, if anything. He then said with great emphasis: "If I am ever President of this country again, I shall be President of the whole country, and not of any set of men or class in it." There was apparently little or no politics in the request made of

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him by the editor; but I know few politicians who, with the prospect of a Presidential candidacy in sight, would not have stretched a point to cultivate a useful ally. He acted simply, naturally, and with perfect frankness; and he refused in such good spirit that he made not an enemy, but a friend.

THROWING AWAY THE PRESIDENCY



I never saw Mr. Cleveland more elated than after he had thrown the Presidency out of the window by his anti-free-silver letter—in February, 1891. The situation was typical of his career. The question had arisen as to what reply he should make to the invitation of the Reform Club to attend a banquet at which the free coinage of silver was to be attacked. Some of his advisers thought he should keep silent on this subject, so that the chances of his renomination might not be injured. But

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he characteristically used the occasion to reaffirm his opposition to what he regarded as a financial heresy, and in unmistakable terms he denounced "the dangerous and reckless experiment of free, unlimited, and independent silver coinage."

At once the cry went up from the machine men of the party all over the country that this was the end of Cleveland. Mr. Wilson (afterward Postmaster-General) told me that when he and a friend sauntered out of the House of Representatives together, they soon found that they were the only members of that body who did not believe that Mr. Cleveland was a "back number." In fact, among those regarded as Democratic leaders, the opinion seemed to be well-nigh unanimous that he would never again be the standard-bearer of his party.

As for Mr. Cleveland himself, he was not only undismayed, but joyful. His intense delight in the incident seemed to spring from two sources: first, his pleasure

A RECORD OF FRIENDSHIP

in having availed himself of the opportunity of telling the truth and circulating the right doctrine, and, second, his satisfaction at having been able to show that he was not "waiting around" for a third nomination. In other words, he felt that he had demonstrated that he cared more for principle than for the Presidency. Every once in a while Cleveland "threw away the Presidency," and I never saw him so happy as when he had done it; as, for instance, after the tariff message, and now again after the silver letter.

But back of his action in thus alarming some of his anxious political advisers was, evidently, a prophetic sense, of the ultimate fortunate effect of a brave word of conviction on a burning question. He cared nothing for the conventional opinions of professional politicians: he was looking for the decisions of a wider audience; and he was not disappointed.

One afternoon, very soon after the letter, we were driving up-town together,

GROVER CLEVELAND:

when he expressed himself with frank enthusiasm: "I don't believe any man in the country," said he, "can be having such an experience as I am having; letters are coming to me from all parts of the country commending that letter. I tell you, the people always come out right when they have a chance to look into a thing!" In this same conversation he said that so far as he was concerned, he would be willing to enter upon a Presidential campaign without the support of Tammany Hall. I find among my notes concerning the incident of the silver letter this reflection: "Cleveland always is more cheerful, always at his best, when he is making a fight for principle."

Mr. Fairchild told me that, a while before the anti-free-coinage letter, Mr. Cleveland appeared unannounced at the ex-Secretary's down-town office, and soon began to talk about the absurd position he seemed to be in, in the minds of a part of the people, as if he were a man

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sitting around waiting for some one to make him President. When the letter came out, Mr. Fairchild was very much touched, remembering the conversation; for his first thought was: he has proved now that he is *not* waiting for some one to make him President!

WHAT HE SAID TO HIMSELF AT ALBANY



Mr. Cleveland always insisted upon this — that if right political policies were simply and clearly put before the American people, they would generally make a wise and honest decision. He was sometimes discouraged; but I do not think he was ever fundamentally shaken in his belief. He realized that there might be long periods of indecision or mistake, but he looked forward to a final satisfactory outcome.

He was encouraged in this view by various occurrences in his own public career,

GROVER CLEVELAND:

for he often did a right but risky thing; and instead of losing by it, his popularity and influence were strengthened. It was so with incidents in his relations, for instance, with Tammany Hall. His letter, when Governor, to the Tammany leader in New York, protesting against the support by Tammany of a certain silver-tongued, but, ethically speaking, annoying member of the legislature, increased a personal enmity, but was only another proof to the public of the Governor's fearless rectitude.

He told me that after vetoing, as Governor, on grounds of law and good faith, the popular bill reducing from ten to five cents the fare on the New York Elevated Railway for the whole day (it was already five in the hours when working-men traveled most), he expected to be bitterly assailed. "Before I was married," he said, "I used sometimes to talk to myself when I was alone, and after the veto, that night, when I was throwing off my clothes,

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I said aloud: 'By to-morrow at this time I shall be the most unpopular man in the State of New York!'" What was his surprise the next day to find the veto received with a general outburst of applause!

THE CLEVELAND MOTTO



At the Memorial Meeting on March 18, 1909, President Taft thus admirably summarized Cleveland's chief characteristics: "Simplicity and directness of thought, sturdy honesty, courage of his convictions, and plainness of speech, with a sense of public duty that has been exceeded by no statesman within my knowledge. It was so strong in him that he rarely wrote anything, whether in the form of a private or public communication, that the obligation of all men to observe the public interest was not his chief theme."

With certain newspaper writers this reiteration by Cleveland of the duties of

GROVER CLEVELAND:

citizenship was made a reproach; but President Taft, from the point of view of a like spirit of public duty, placed this habit in its true light. The phrase, "Public office a public trust," will always be associated with Cleveland's memory, notwithstanding that he never uttered it in exactly that form. The phrase was Colonel Lamont's correct summary of the Cleveland doctrine, placed on the title-page of an early election pamphlet. In substance he was always saying it; and if he did not say it precisely as thus condensed, he did better: he lived it, and made it live. The nearest he came to uttering literally his own watchword seems to have been in a speech made by him at the Fellowcraft Club in New York, soon after he left the White House for the first time, when he said: "Thoughtful men will not deny that danger lurks in the growing tendency of to-day to regard *public office* as something which may be sought and administered for private ends, instead of being received and

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held as *a public trust*." But in accepting, in 1881, the nomination for Mayor of Buffalo he had said: "Public officials are the trustees of the people," and in his acceptance of the nomination for Governor, in 1882, he said: "Public officers are the servants and agents of the people." The duty of all citizens to the State found utterance in his first inaugural address, when he said: "Your every voter, as surely as your Chief Magistrate, under the same high sanction, though in a different sphere, exercises a public trust."

One of the strangest and most characteristic events in Mr. Cleveland's life was his appearance at the University of Michigan, to make an address on Washington's Birthday, on the very day in 1892 when the convention of his own State and party met to nominate a rival candidate, Mr. David B. Hill, for the Presidency. This convention, being held in Albany earlier than usual, was called the Snap Convention. I had the pleasure of going out with

GROVER CLEVELAND:

Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Dickinson to Ann Arbor, and of observing the remarkable hold the ex-President had on the good people of that part of the country, regardless of party lines. He gave himself up to the enjoyment of preaching the "good citizenship" of George Washington to a great, youthful, and sympathetic audience.

This address on Washington, and the one delivered by him at Chicago, also on Washington's Birthday, are full of the Cleveland doctrine of good citizenship, in and out of office, stated with great sincerity and impressiveness. The Ann Arbor address was a plea for sentiment—for American sentiment, the sentiment in which the nation was conceived and must be preserved. If the orator himself seemed unconcerned as to events then occurring at home, he was probably not unmindful of them, and his audience assuredly was well aware of them. I shall never forget the storm of applause which greeted these significant words: "Be not deceived. The

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people are not dead, but sleeping. They will awaken in good time, and scourge the money-changers from their sacred temple." In a few months Cleveland was nominated again at Chicago and in the following autumn he was elected to the Presidency.

CLEVELAND'S WRITING



One hears two diametrically opposite opinions as to Cleveland's ability to express himself. One is that he wrote awkwardly, in a redundant, roundabout, and heavy manner. The other opinion was expressed by so severe a critic as Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who, whenever I met him, or heard from him, had something enthusiastic to say about Mr. Cleveland and often spoke of his ability as a writer. In a letter, written in 1901, he said: "I've been reading with intense interest Mr. Cleveland's second Venezuela paper.

GROVER CLEVELAND:

What admirable diction, compact, strong, and simple — simple as all great writing is.”

This is the truth of the matter as it seems to me: during his public life Mr. Cleveland was not much of a reader. The sermons he heard in youth, and later, apparently set a standard of conventional diction; and, furthermore, his sense of dignity induced him to approach a subject sometimes in an over-formal manner. But the conviction of the man, the indignation at injustice, the “moral fury,” tended to produce in many a document and speech some expression as direct and vehement as his feeling. Then were struck out the hot and memorable phrases scattered through his messages as Mayor, Governor, and President, and in innumerable addresses and letters — such phrases as those which met with quick applause when read by Governor Hughes at the Memorial Meeting at Carnegie Hall.¹

¹ The department of Noted Sayings in the Sted-

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And as the years were added, a note of tenderness stole into his habitual thought, sometimes lending an unexpected charm to his written or spoken expression.

As to the ponderous character of many of his passages, there is a good deal in the remark of Jesse Lynch Williams that he was innately shy, and "unconsciously, perhaps, he hid behind his style." In some of his documents, particularly his Thanksgiving proclamations, his familiarity with the Bible was naturally shown; and when once some friend congratulated him on his biblical manner, he was pleased with the compliment, though he told of it jokingly.

People have often asked me whether he wrote his own documents. They little knew the mind of the patient, plodding writer who only at the very last could even ease his labors by means of dic-

man-Hutchinson "Library of American Literature" (1890) contains more quotations from Cleveland than from any other public man.

GROVER CLEVELAND:

tation. He often read his speeches and other writings to friends, but seldom got any direct aid in composition. I flattered myself that I once — it was only once — induced him to change some unimportant phrase.

One reason that he was so unaided was a characteristic of his literal honesty: he knew better than any one else what was in his mind; and he worked this out in language carefully selected to express his exact thought, in a doubtful case calling upon the dictionary for precise definition. Perhaps there was a touch of pride in it, too, a harmless, self-reliant pride. At times he brought into currency a word not often on the tongue, as in the now popular phrase,—often used with a smile,—“innocuous desuetude.” I know of at least one case where he seemed to have coined a word. It was not in the dictionary, but etymological authorities said it was all right, and the editors were

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glad to let it go — especially as the writer insisted upon it!

I speak of his self-reliance. He had learned that through experience, but, as remarked above, he was very far from conceited. In talking once about Abram S. Hewitt, he intimated that if he only knew as much as Mr. Hewitt, he might amount to something! On account of his lack of a collegiate education he was inclined at first to be shy of literary men; I could not get his consent, after he came to New York, to have him meet a number of them, in recognition of his service to the cause of international copyright.

He was at one time shy of colleges; during his first term, it will be remembered, he refused to accept a degree from Harvard. But his life in Princeton, and his desire to be useful in his community, gradually brought him into the college spirit, induced him to accept an honorary doctorate, and made him a highly useful

GROVER CLEVELAND:

and influential trustee of a great university.¹

MONEY NO TEMPTATION



In speaking of Cleveland no one can help reiterating the word "honesty." All decent people are supposed to be honest, and an indifferent reader might well inquire, Why such harping on so common a virtue? But aside from the fact that thorough-going honesty is not absolutely pervasive, certainly in Cleveland's case the trait was almost phenomenally developed. The honesty of the man was in the mind of Mr. Taft and of all the memorial speakers, whether they knew him little or much, and most of them knew him well. Two men who, in different times and places, were long acquainted with him, said to

¹ He consented to receive a degree from Princeton, and afterward from Villanova.

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me lately that Mr. Cleveland was the most honest man they had ever known.

A few years ago, a prominent editor, when talking to me about Mr. Cleveland, expressed a good deal of admiration and but one doubt. He said Mr. Cleveland's relations to a certain rich friend, and the ex-President's money-making, would have to be explained. I answered that these would not have to be explained to me, because, though I did not know much about his financial affairs, I could vouch for the fact that he was one of the most scrupulous men I had ever known; and, besides, I knew he was not what we call nowadays a rich man. A little while after this, Mr. Cleveland happened to be talking pretty freely with me about his resources, and told me about just having lost several thousand dollars on a scruple — unnecessarily as it turned out. After relating the incident, he said: "But I don't deserve any credit for that, because money has never been a temptation to me."

GROVER CLEVELAND :

I told this to my editorial friend, and he replied: "Oh, I have got over all anxiety about that, as I've found out how glad he was to get the check we sent him for his article."

Soon after he left office and settled in Princeton, he told me that there was talk about making a position for him with a large salary attached. He said such good friends were in the movement that he could not act hastily and in a way that would seem ungrateful, but that he would not accept a position in which he would be unable to perform adequate service. He, in fact, declined the position.

I remember that at a time when he was adding to his not large income by industriously contributing to periodicals, he insisted upon certain publishers paying him considerably less than the sum they offered for a certain article published by them, on the ground that it was more than he had received for a similar contribution published elsewhere.

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When, in his late years, he heard that a very young boy, in whom he was especially interested, had been surprised that his teacher should think it worth while to commend, before the entire class, his conduct in refusing to take a "perfect" mark in a composition in which the boy himself discovered a slight error, Mr. Cleveland was immensely gratified. He said to an intimate friend that the boy evidently was going to be like him; because untruthfulness seemed to be no temptation whatever to either of them.

A RACY TALKER



As between Mr. Cleveland's expression in conversation and his public writings, never was such a contrast. As to his familiar talk — no taint of formalism there! The President was one of the very raciest of talkers and raconteurs. Joe Jefferson used to say that Mr. Cleve-

GROVER CLEVELAND:

land missed his vocation when he went into politics instead of going upon the stage. Sometimes, too, when one was alone with him, he would betray the tenderness and sentiment which were so deep in his nature.

When he had any distrust of the person with whom he was conversing, most of the talk was on the other side, though the interlocutor was not always aware of the fact. With a few familiar friends, however, he was the soul of good company; not dominating the conversation,—as has been said, he was “a good listener,”—but doing his share of repartee and story-telling, with all the aids of wit, a good memory for detail, and, when necessary, the faculty of mimicry. One night at Marion—but I must first tell how he came to go to Marion.

A RECORD OF FRIENDSHIP

A FRIENDSHIP WITH JOE JEFFERSON



One day, soon after the first term, and while he was staying at the Victoria Hotel, he turned to me and said: "Are there any fish up around Marion?" This was the village near Cape Cod where my family then spent their summers — a place which had been visited by Mrs. Cleveland and her mother and aunt soon after the President's marriage.

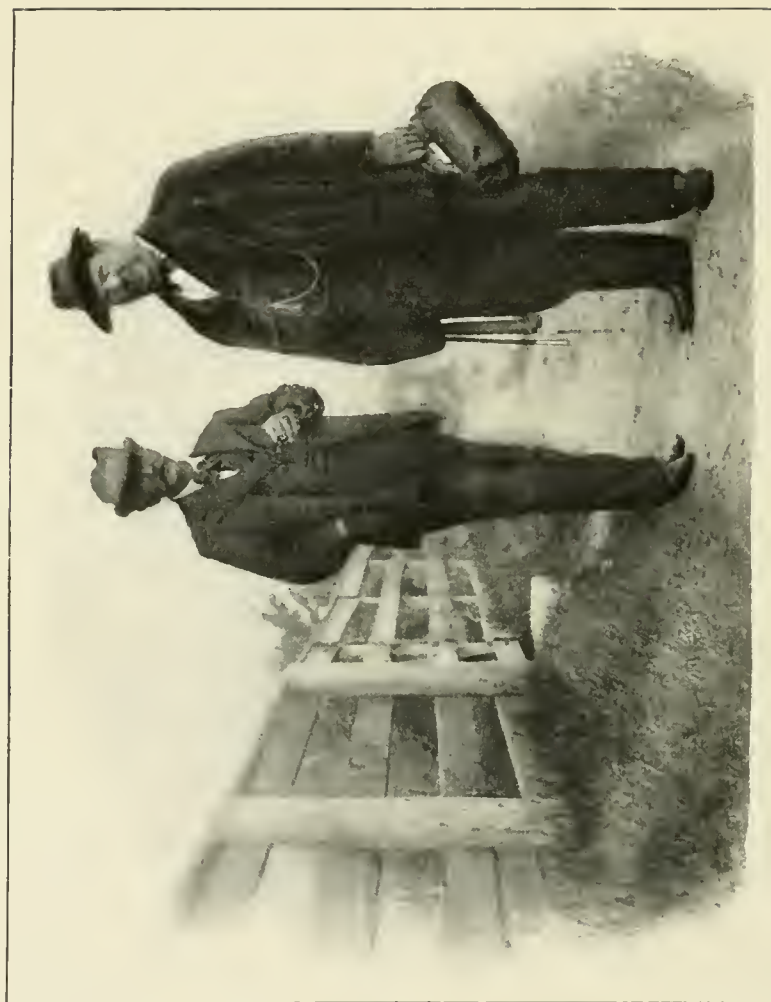
My answer was evasive. I said that I should not like to be responsible as to the fish in our Marion waters; that my experience as a fisherman in those parts had been in the company of Joe Jefferson, and that I would therefore bring him into the case as an expert. So one day Jefferson came and told the ex-President all about the fishing in Buzzards Bay, and in the streams and lakes of Cape Cod, near the home of that great actor and enchanting personality. The result was that the

GROVER CLEVELAND:

Clevelands took a small cottage next to us at Marion for the first part of the summer of 1889, and another cottage near for the last weeks of their stay. Next year they again came to Marion, taking a larger house. Then they bought a place across the bay, near the Jeffersons, which they named "Gray Gables," and occupied for years, till their summer home was changed to Tamworth, New Hampshire.

The book of one's life is divided into few or many volumes: some may be unhappy, some full of romance and the joy of life. Mr. Cleveland's question about the fishing possibilities of the Marion waters proved to be the opening of a volume brimming with unalloyed pleasure for a little group of friends, many of whom are now no more.

Jefferson had been eager to make Mr. Cleveland's personal acquaintance, for, as he told me, Cleveland was the only politician in whom he had ever taken an inter-



MR. CLEVELAND AND MR. L. CLARKE DAVIS AT MARION

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est. He had recognized, he said, early in Cleveland's career, that here was a new kind of public man — all frankness and courage. Jefferson had even done what was with him an absolutely novel thing: he had attended, as a deeply interested spectator, one of the early conventions in which Mr. Cleveland was nominated to a high office, and he had watched his career with profound interest. The two men, so different in training and temperament, soon became mutually admiring and affectionate friends.

Cleveland; Jefferson; Jefferson's eldest son, Charles (our manager and provider); that knightly figure, too early dead, Governor Russell; the modest and genial Sandy Wood (Jefferson's friend); our sometime companion, the actor Lawrence Barrett; L. Clarke Davis, of Philadelphia; — all these are gone. Gone, too, our sometime hosts, John M. Forbes of the lovely island of Naushon, and Albert Nickerson, the hospitable master of Great Hill.

GROVER CLEVELAND:

During the first summer or two, every Friday night, Mr. Cleveland and I would go up on the Fall River boat, generally spending Saturday and Monday in fishing in Captain Ryder's small craft on Buzzards Bay, and in vacation time we fished together every fair day. Once in a while, then, and later, after the Clevelands were at Gray Gables, the Jeffersons would get up a driving expedition down through Sandwich to the little Indian village of Mashpee, on Cape Cod, where half a dozen of us would take all the rooms in the one small hotel, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Holmes.

There were two communicating lakes near the hotel, Mashpee and Wakeby. Charles Jefferson bought for us three tiny islands in Wakeby, and we named them, in imitation of Cotuit, and the rest of the neighboring Indian nomenclature, Come-toit, Getoffit, and Stayonit. Sometimes we would picnic on Stayonit, but oftener we would cross the two lakes in a small, na-

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tive-made steamboat, constructed, I believe, as well as run by an ingenious colored man, and fish for bass in the neighboring lake, called Peter's Pond.

After an early breakfast at the hotel, and after reaching our fishing-place, Mr. Cleveland and Charley Jefferson, and Joe Jefferson and I would pair off for the serious work of the day, coming together merrily at lunch-time on the shore, and again on the way home, tired, for a short evening, with early-to-bed and early-to-rise.

Perhaps I can give no better description of Mr. Cleveland as a fisherman than in the language of a brief speech at the neighborly dinner given to the ex-President at Sandwich on the 11th of May, 1895, soon after he had become a summer resident of the Cape, when I said:

If Mr. Cleveland has made a memorable success of his life, is it not owing to the fact that he has both made a pleasure of business and a business of pleasure? His

GROVER CLEVELAND:

cheerful and indefatigable work in office is well known. His Cape Cod neighbors have discovered that he has made a business of pleasure — not a wearing, laborious business, but a cheerful, contented, and persistent business. When my discursive eye has roamed the horizon when it should have followed the line, how often have I heard the warning from the other side of the boat: “If you want to catch fish, attend strictly to business!” Why, the guest we honor to-day will fish when it shines and fish when it rains; I have seen him pull up bass in a lively thunder-storm, and refuse to be driven from a Cape Cod pond by the worst hail-storm I ever witnessed or suffered. He will fish through hunger and heat, lightning and tempest. While the elder and wiser Jefferson and I will go off and dry our clothes, the younger Jefferson,— our Cape Cod Prince Charley, — and the ex-President will keep on while light holds and bass bite. This, I have

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discovered, is the secret of "Cleveland luck"; it is hard work and no let up.

While Joe Jefferson was an enthusiastic fisherman, Mr. Cleveland and Charley Jefferson were inveterate fishermen. The hail-storm referred to came up suddenly one day while we were in the middle of Peter's Pond. We put for shore, and were soon being pelted with big hailstones, while the boats were gradually filling with ice-water. Joe Jefferson and I climbed a hill and dried our clothes in the kitchen of a neighboring farm-house; but the President and Charley Jefferson, after the worst had past, went back to work with the conviction that it was just the time that fish would bite. Pretty soon another storm came up and drove them to shore,— and up the hill for shelter, soaked, but laughing like boys on a lark.

Mr. Cleveland was immoderate in only two things — his desk-work and his fishing.

GROVER CLEVELAND:

Over and over he sat up till near morning at his desk in the White House; and he was always eager to begin fishing, and never appeared to be quite willing to stop. Often when we would be out all day fishing for bottom-fish and bluefish, he would plead, after we started for home, for "one more turn" that he knew, like a naughty boy, would make us late for dinner; and Captain Ryder would put the *Allie* about, our lines out again for "fisherman's luck."

Once when the surface of a Cape Cod lake reflected uncomfortably the noonday sun, Joe Jefferson and I pulled to shore and stretched ourselves restfully in the cool shade of the trees. Then Jefferson, looking off to where his son and the ex-President of the United States were at their patient labors in the broiling heat, quietly remarked: "Well, it is lucky for us that you and I can do something besides fish!"



JOSEPH JEFFERSON AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS AT OSTERVILLE

This photograph was taken in 1884

A RECORD OF FRIENDSHIP

ON THE TRAIN FOR GRAY GABLES



Mr. Cleveland never forgot the dignity of the presidency, either as incumbent, or as one who had held that high office. Both in and out of office he was perfectly simple and unpretentious in his manners; entirely approachable; on proper occasions full of bonhomie. One might, at first glance, think it inconsistent with his hatred of fuss and feathers, that no ceremonial of the Executive office, just as no executive prerogative, was weakened under his régime. It was his love of order, and sense of propriety, which led him to become an adept in those rules of precedence that have been found necessary in order to carry on with decency and dignity the social side of life at a capital where all the nations and potentates of the world are officially represented, and the highest officers of a great government reside. He was as careful, conscientious. and sensible

GROVER CLEVELAND:

in deciding the details of a formal dinner, or other function at the Executive Mansion, as he was in the more important responsibilities of his office.

I never saw him have to repel familiarity except once. This was one evening on the deck of a Fall River boat, when a stranger broke into a group about the ex-President, with words he would not have uttered had he been in a condition to realize their impertinence. Mr. Cleveland suddenly raised his voice in a single vibrant sentence; and the episode soon came to an end.

Wherever he went there was apt to be a crowd,—even when he was not President,—and always a friendly one. At times on the dock at Fall River there would be a rush upon him of hundreds of people, some of whom seemed determined, at least, to touch him, when there was not time or opportunity to shake hands. He was always good-natured about it, and particularly glad to shake hands with working-

A RECORD OF FRIENDSHIP

men. On the boat he would try to get to our state-rooms first, and if there was a choice, he would take possession of the least comfortable room himself, and could not be dislodged.

One summer when he was living at Gray Gables and I at Marion, I boarded a train up the road, and thinking he might be on it went through the coaches looking for the ex-President. I found him, at last, sitting on a rough chair under a shelf, in the baggage-car, he having given up his seat in the crowded passenger-car to a woman and unconcernedly taken refuge among the bundles and baggage in the forward part of the train.

LETTERS ABOUT FISHING, AND OTHER THINGS



In a bundle of letters in Mr. Cleveland's delicate and individual handwriting the following vividly recall the old Cape Cod

GROVER CLEVELAND:

fishing days, and refer, as time goes on, to the approaching campaign which led to his assuming again the duties of public office:

“Marion, Massachusetts.

“June 9, 1890

“MY DEAR MR. GILDER

“I have just received your note and the statement of the result of the balloting at the —— Club. I don't know when I have been more pleased, and somehow the thing is especially gratifying since the announcement of it is signed by so many kind and distinguished friends. I hope that if it chances in your way to do so, you will not omit telling them how I appreciated their signatures to the paper you sent me.

“I started the fishing branch of the firm business to-day and am glad to report that the season promises well. I found here a feeling of depression in the trade and on every side there seemed to be the gravest apprehension for the future. I determined to test the condition and am



Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson

CAPTAIN RYDER

Frank R. Stockton's novel "The 'Merry Chanter'" was illustrated by Gibson, who introduced into his drawings some well known characters of Marion, Captain Ryder becoming Captain Garnish of the story

A RECORD OF FRIENDSHIP

entirely satisfied that if the industry is properly cared for and prosecuted with zeal, industry and intelligence, satisfactory returns may confidently be relied upon.

“ I caught 25 fish with my own rod and reel — averaging larger than any fish we caught last season, about equally divided in number between bass and tautogs.

“ We did not forget to send a nice mess to the Gilder mansion.

“ I am sorry to add that a persistent pursuit of blue fish for two or three hours, after having reached the limit I had fixed as to the number of bottom-fish, yielded no return. I renew the attack to-morrow and shall make the latter game the object of my toil. . . .

“ Yours sincerely

“ *Grover Cleveland* ”

GROVER CLEVELAND:

" Gray Gables, Buzzards Bay, Mass.

" July 3, 1891

" MY DEAR MR. GILDER

" I am much obliged to you for the clippings you sent me. . . . I suppose those concerning the Anti-Cleveland movement represent a feeler and the responses for which it was put out. How little and frivolous all this seems to me! — not because I do not realize the importance of everything in the remotest way connected with the great office of President, but because they appear to be indices of the meanness and malice of men and politicians. So all this time I am wondering when the blue fish will be about and biting. . . .

" We have put up a nice flag staff on the point and have a fine large flag with 44 stars upon it which early to-morrow morning will be flung to the breeze — if there is any.

" We are all the time happy in our Gray Gables and its improvement. Every day

A RECORD OF FRIENDSHIP

something new is brought to light which would if done add to its beauty and convenience. All however which I contemplate cannot be done immediately. . . .

“Yours sincerely

“*Grover Cleveland*”

“*Gray Gables, Buzzards Bay, Mass.*

“*Aug. 12, 1891*

“MY DEAR GILDER

“ . . . Is n't it strange that neither of the political parties sees the expediency as well as rectitude of stepping boldly and defiantly to the front? . . .

Yours sincerely

“*Grover Cleveland*”

THE “INCUBUS”



“*Gray Gables, Buzzards Bay, Mass.*

“*Aug. 18, 1891*

“MY DEAR MR. GILDER

“ . . . I have frequently noticed

GROVER CLEVELAND:

lately the tendency to make less of the Silver issue in the Southern papers, as well as in some of those published in the West. I am confidently looking for a return to common sense and conservative ideas in certain quarters. Some people I think will be directed to a proper frame of mind by appeals to their reason. Others will better appreciate the arguments which a thorough thrashing suggests.

“In the meantime a great deal is going on among machine politicians; and plans are on foot to rid the Democratic party of the *incubus* which in the seclusion of Buzzards Bay ought, according to their usual calculations, to be counted as perfectly harmless. . . .

“I have a reel and rod here belonging to you, which if we don't see you very soon I will send to you. We are expecting you over; and all send love to all.

“Yours sincerely

“*Grover Cleveland*”



CAPTAIN RYDER'S SLOOP *ALLIE*, OF MARION



A RECORD OF FRIENDSHIP

The next letter acknowledges receipt of a picture of Captain Ryder, the skipper, whose services we so often enjoyed.

“ *Lakewood, N. J.*

“ *Dec. 31, 1891*

“ MY DEAR MR. GILDER

“ Your Christmas present to me came from the city here, only yesterday. I am very much delighted with it. Do you know, my ‘old partner,’ that when I am hunting in the past for pleasant things I always stop and take a long retrospective rest on the *Allie*? Of course you — sick or well — are the chief figure in the foreground of my view; and next comes Capt. Ryder. This picture helps me to fill in all the details. The old man looks as though he was considering the propriety of ‘taking a kind o’ slant and going around ag’in.’

“ You know how fully I appreciate your

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GROVER CLEVELAND:

thoughtfulness and kindness in sending me
a memento I prize so much.

“Yours most sincerely

“*Grover Cleveland*”

MR. CLEVELAND GIVES IMPORTANT ADVICE



“*Gray Gables, Buzzards Bay, Mass.*

“*Sept. 25, 1892*”

“MY DEAR MR. GILDER

“ . . . I finished my letter of acceptance early this morning — 3 o’c — and Dickinson was here to-day and left for New York to-night with the letter in his pocket. I suppose it will appear in the newspapers Tuesday morning. I hope you will like it. If you do not, I hope you will try to realize some of the difficulties and perplexities attending its preparation.

“I expect to leave here for New York next Thursday night and I shall probably remain there some time. I don’t know

A RECORD OF FRIENDSHIP

when we shall be settled there — sometime in October I expect.

“My judgment is decidedly in favor of my making my headquarters here for some time to come. I *know* it would be good politics not to go to New York for good until nearly the end of the campaign, but I do not seem to be running things much.

“Take my advice, my dear friend, and *never run for President.* . . .

“I wish you were here to fish a day with me and go to New York with me Thursday night.

“Yours very sincerely

“*Grover Cleveland*”

“ONE NIGHT AT MARION.”



Now to go back to “one night at Marion.” The annual local festival was on. It was called Marigold Day, but it covered several days. Fishing is most convenient by day, and Mr. Cleveland could not

GROVER CLEVELAND:

be induced to attend the day festivals, acknowledging his delinquency, but seeming to have a mischievous delight in thus "playing hookey." Yet he manifested a friendly interest in the proceedings, and suggested that we get up an acrostic contest, which might bring a little money to the fund. He asked me to write the rules of the contest, taking the word "Marion" as the subject. This I did, and the rules were posted, making the worst acrostic the winning one, and requiring that the author should subscribe a certain sum to the treasury of the festival, and leave town within twenty-four hours.

There were a number of entries — learning which, Mr. Cleveland made the further suggestion that we go up in the evening to Mrs. Gilder's studio in the woods, and open the envelops. When we had gathered in the big room, before the wide stone fireplace, he casually requested that I should act as chairman, appoint a committee of award, and make announce-

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ment as to the prize-winner. This I did, naming, with others on the committee, Congressman Burnett and one of the partners of Mr. Cleveland's law firm. The committee retired, read the acrostics, found Mr. Cleveland's six-line acrostic the worst, and himself, therefore, the guilty prize-winner. It was thus made my duty to pronounce sentence, after the reading of the acrostic,—of which I remember only the third and most impressive line:

Rip ope thy cans of frenzied fire!

The idea was that the contents of the cans would all be needed to paint with proper brilliancy the glories of "Marion."

Before I had time to fulfil my function, Mr. Cleveland suddenly rose to his feet and began a harangue of solemn protest against the entire proceeding. He said he had been watching the chairman for days, having shrewdly suspected that he was at work upon some evil design.

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And here it was — an attack upon the property and sacred liberty of a citizen! He condemned the action of the chairman on legal and constitutional grounds. Money was to be demanded of a citizen at the very moment when it was plain that the festival must have seriously depleted his financial resources. The freedom guaranteed to his person by the Constitution was threatened. As the speaker went on, his voice and manner grew more and more stern and menacing, subsiding only after a final burst of forensic indignation.

The chairman's next-door neighbor, the Rev. Percy Browne, took the cue and followed in a similar strain. At the conclusion of Mr. Browne's witty and withering remarks, it occurred to the chairman to employ for his defense the firm with which Mr. Cleveland was connected. The chairman thereupon took a piece of silver from his pocket and, handing it to Mr. Charles W. Bangs, thus retained the eminent firm

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of Bangs, Stetson, Tracy & MacVeagh as counsel.¹

Hardly had the chairman returned to his seat when up rose Mr. Cleveland again, in a new rôle, all mildness and suavity. He declared that since his last appearance before that assembly "certain considerations" had presented themselves to his mind, which made him take a somewhat modified view of the case. He then entered upon a fervent eulogy of the chairman, from the standpoint of character and good citizenship and, as he kindled with his theme, he turned upon Mr. Browne and expressed his surprise and indignation that the very next-door neighbor of the chairman, one who must necessarily be daily familiar with his well-known virtues, should so far forget himself as to indulge in language of criticism and derogation.

¹ During the four years 1889 to 1892 the firm name was as given. The name of Grover Cleveland was printed, separately, above the others.

GROVER CLEVELAND:

The acting was so realistic that a charming young woman in the company at one time whispered in my ear "He's angry!" In referring to the occurrence later, Mr. Cleveland said he had enjoyed practice in that line in his early days at Buffalo, when he and some of his legal friends amused themselves with the proceedings of moot courts.

A SMALL CALLER.



There was something of the actor, also, in an incident which occurred at Marion when, in the summer following his first Presidency, Mr. Cleveland was living in the cottage belonging to the Rev. Mr. Browne. This charming little house was planned by the great Richardson, just to show that he could handle a small problem as well as an important one. One day early in the summer, while sitting on the recessed piazza overlooking Sippican Har-

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bor, Mr. Cleveland was visited by a small youngster, unattended, who wished to pay his respects, with due formality, and assure the new-comer that he was very welcome to Marion. Mr. Cleveland greeted the polite lad as solemnly as the importance of the occasion demanded. In the course of the interchange of courtesies, it became evident that the visitor was under a misapprehension, for when Mr. Cleveland referred to the fact that he had been defeated in the late election, and declared that the people did not want him in the White House any longer, the boy exclaimed: "Oh, I had not heard of that, Sir!" and expressed the greatest sympathy at the untoward event.

I saw no betrayal of inward amusement on Mr. Cleveland's face. All went as gravely as if the colloquy had taken place in the Blue Room between the Chief Executive and a foreign ambassador.

GROVER CLEVELAND:
THE "CHILDREN'S HOUR" AT THE
WHITE HOUSE



It will be seen that Mr. Cleveland could do small things well, no less than large. His fine and sensitive handwriting recalled to his friends a lightness of touch surprising in a man of such large mold. He was an adept in the manipulation of delicate tools and of fishing-tackle. I remember his spending hours at Gray Gables repairing a whirling-sailor weather-vane, for the amusement of the children. He was apt to have on hand some nice piece of work of this sort. In the summer of 1901 he spent a day or two at Riverside Farm, Tyringham, changing a damaged, complicated, multiplying reel into a serviceable simple one. The performance gave him much satisfaction. He told how he had used up various nail-files, and finally succeeded only after some good new ones had been brought to him from the village

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store. The job required considerable engineering and patience, shifting and contriving. The very difficult, not to say unnecessary character of the labor (he said he must be the possessor already of twenty reels in all!) appeared to give him pleasure, and nothing more than the production of something "simple" — that quality so characteristic of his mental habit. His little Richard was a helper, when it came to trying the line on the reel.

He had peculiar sympathy with little children,— his neighbors' as well as his own,— and it was delightful to see him in their company and to hear the tones of his voice in talking with them. At Tyingham we used to see him sitting out on the piazza at Riverside solemnly engaged in mock-fishing with Richard, consulting his companion gravely as to proper bait, and other important details of the sport, the boy being an apt pupil in the gentle art. Writing to the father of one of his boy acquaintances, Mr. Cleveland said:

GROVER CLEVELAND:

“I was really very much touched by George’s gift, and I am much comforted by his steadfast friendship. I flatter myself it takes a pretty good man to gain and keep the good opinion of such a boy.”

There was a “Children’s Hour” at the White House, during his second term, when, in the twilight, a little child would be brought into the Executive Office, and the work of the Government would be suspended, and much ink would be lavished, while two big hands helped two small ones in making pictures on sheets of writing-paper spread out upon the President’s desk.

CLEVELAND’S PARTISANSHIP AND HIS INDEPENDENCE



MR. CLEVELAND was decidedly a party man. He believed that every man should be active in politics, and he practised this doctrine from early manhood. After his

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retirement we had a talk about this, in which he spoke of having had a letter from a young man asking for advice concerning party affiliations. He said he told him of his own experience, how he had early gone into local party work, standing all day at the polls. Mr. Cleveland added, "I never had anything to do with anything that was shady or corrupt."

I sometimes had an amused suspicion that although he admired and was grateful to the Independents who came to his support more than once, and although he felt a keen moral sympathy with them, and gave some of them his intimate friendship, the fact that they had been Republicans, and might easily become Republicans again, was just a slight regret in his mind. When, off on some inland fishing expedition, he fell in with an old-time Democratic farmer, especially one who was faithful to what the President considered "sound Democratic doctrine," he warmed up to the old fellow amazingly.

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I do not believe he ever voted for a candidate outside of his party. He might have been willing to do so in certain campaigns in his later years, possibly,—owing to what he looked upon as un-Democratic platforms and candidates,—if he had not possessed an ever-present sense of obligation because of the great honors and responsibilities his party had bestowed upon him. He doubtless voted at times for Democrats not on the “regular ticket,” but a feeling of propriety kept him from vehemently opposing a candidate of his party, even if such a candidate, in his opinion, might be leading the party into strange and unfortunate paths.

THE DINNER AT THE VICTORIA HOTEL



Yet inside of his “regularity” he manifested always a singular independence and, at times, even detachment. I have mentioned with what nonchalance he held the

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Tammany leaders at a distance at a time when he and they might easily have fallen into some sort of friendly relations.

Incidents connected with the famous dinner at the Victoria, which Mr. Whitney urged him to attend, during the campaign of 1892, were dramatically characteristic. I was told at the time by a prominent member of the National Committee that Mr. Whitney became alarmed at Tammany's lack of interest in the canvass. Mr. Cleveland was shrewdly clinging to the protective isolation of his summer home at Gray Gables, when Mr. Whitney let him know that it was important that he should put something into writing by way of a peace proposition, or pledge, which would so far satisfy the Tammany leaders as to get them to work for the candidate.

To this,—so I was informed,—Mr. Cleveland's reply was, that if the National Committee regarded such a written pledge from the candidate as a necessity, they, be-

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ing well acquainted with the circumstances, must be right; and therefore he would gladly step aside so that they could obtain a candidate who would make the required pledge!

As the resignation of the nominee was a thing not to be thought of, he was then asked if he would meet some of the Tammany leaders at dinner. Mr. Cleveland replied that he would meet any persons that the Committee thought it desirable for the candidate to meet. He thereupon came to New York and met at table his leading committeemen, with Mr. Croker and members of the Democratic machine. The next day one of the papers announced that at that dinner he had given entirely satisfactory assurances to Tammany Hall.

As it happened, I was walking down Broadway that evening with a friend, the Kentucky poet, Robert Burns Wilson, and thought I would drop in and introduce him to the ex-President. Seeing his private secretary, Mr. Robert Lincoln

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O'Brien, in the hall at the top of the stairway, I told him my errand, and asked what was going on. When he informed me who were in council I said that I was sure I was not wanted; but he insisted upon announcing my name, when out came Mr. Cleveland, to spend some time in genial talk with the young Kentuckian. So when, next morning, I read the news of his surrender to Tammany Hall, I could not believe it, not only because it would be out of character, but because he was, when I saw him, far from having the air of a man who was doing something against his will and judgment.

Mr. Cleveland never told me just what happened; but I was told by one who was there that when a certain politician made the demand of a written pledge, Mr. Cleveland flamed up, and, bringing his fist down on the table with a crash, declared that rather than do what was asked of him he would suffer damnation! At this, one of Mr. Cleveland's leading supporters

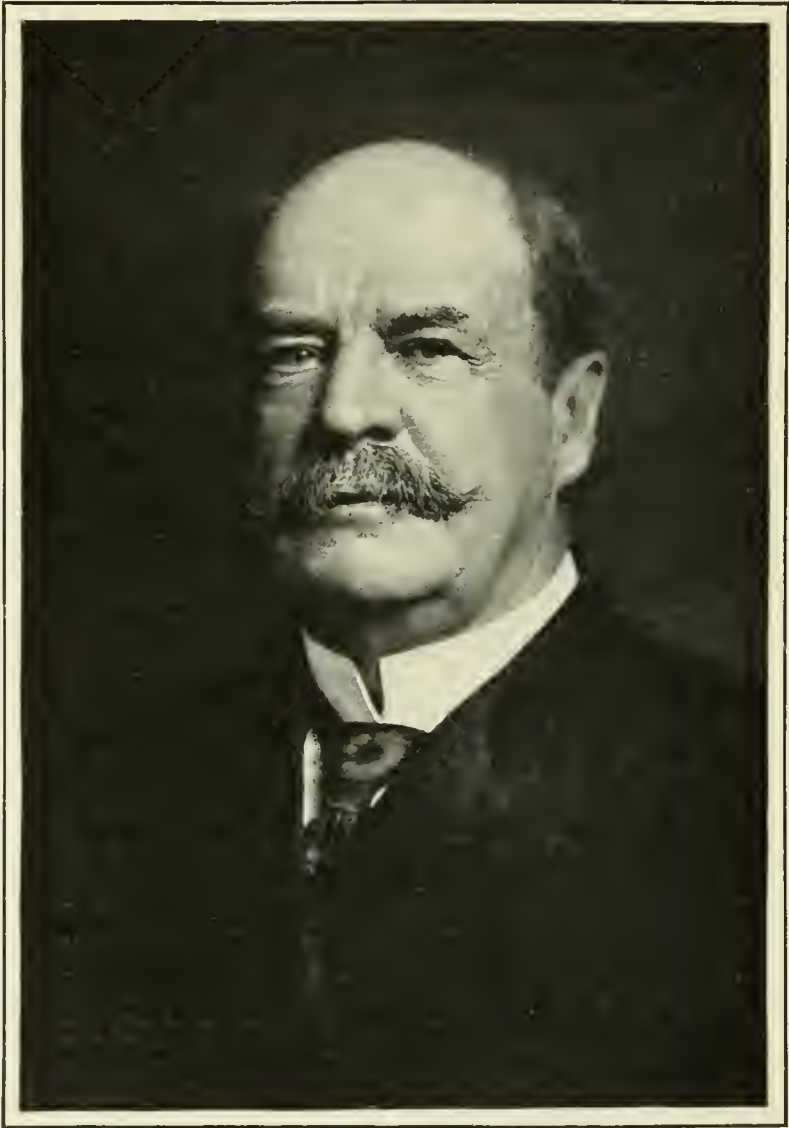
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“turned pale,” thinking that it was “all up.” After this unmistakable declaration of independence, Mr. Cleveland calmed down somewhat, and subsequently said that if he ever were President again he would not divide the party into personal friends and personal enemies, but would regard all alike and without partiality. It was this last statement to which the Tammany representatives clung, getting what comfort out of it they could. The course of events, in the ensuing administration, it may be added, showed that no embarrassing compact whatever was entered into by the candidate.

THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS LAST ELECTION.



Now let us go forward to the eve of Mr. Cleveland's second election. I wonder if it ever happened with a candidate before, in our time, that such an evening should be passed without the presence of a single



From a photograph by Pach Bros

DR. JOSEPH D. BRYANT

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political associate, in the undisturbed privacy of home!

Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, his devoted friend and physician, and myself were alone with him in his home on Fifty-first Street.¹ We sat a while chatting in Mr. Cleveland's library, till Dr. Bryant moved to go, when Mr. Cleveland suggested that we walk down to the doctor's house, then on Thirty-sixth Street, with him. On the way down Mr. Cleveland said little. When we turned to walk back to Fifty-first Street, I found him in a very solemn mood. I do not know how it happened, but we fell to talking about that dinner at the Victoria, when he was reported to have placed the New York appointments at the disposal of Tammany Hall.

As I knew better, I did not hesitate to

¹ After Mr. Cleveland's residence of about three years at 816 Madison Avenue, he lived for a short time at 12 West Fifty-first Street. This house was next door to his friend Commodore E. C. Benedict. The house has since been remodeled inside and out.

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remark: "I will tell you what I said to a friend of mine to-day: I told him that rather than know that Mr. Cleveland had done what was charged, I should prefer to be told that he was dead!" Quick as a flash, "That is right," came Mr. Cleveland's response. "What is a leader to us," I went on, "if he ceases to lead those who, in the cause of good government, have chosen him as their champion?" "You are right," again he exclaimed with warm sympathy and approval.

Then he added that no person had the right to give the details of that dinner, but if they could be fully told, no one would have reason to disapprove his part in the affair. He said, furthermore, that not to any person had explanation of the occurrence been made except to a certain prominent Republican, whom he named, one who had come out in his favor at the time of his defeat four years before.

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NOT WISHING TO DO BOLD THINGS



That memorable evening, in our talk, as we walked up Fifth Avenue, Mr. Cleveland said that if defeated the next day, it simply meant, so far as his personal comfort was concerned, that he would go back four years earlier to private life and the undisturbed happiness of his home. "If elected," he added, "there is one kind of thing I hope I will *not* have to do; I mean those 'bold things' that people sometimes talk about my doing." He exploded the phrase, "bold things," in a tone of contempt. Knowing the man, I answered: "I do not believe you can help it; the plainest, most commonplace act of honesty a man can perform sometimes looks to others like a stroke of courage."

"One thing I mean to do," he continued, "and that is to bring out some of those younger Southern men who have stood up for right measures." That he

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did give his confidence to many such men is now a matter of history.

Twenty-four hours after this quiet evening with the candidate, there was a gay and happy scene at his house on Fifty-first Street, where a few personal friends and their wives were gathered to learn the result of the election. Telegraphic instruments had been installed up-stairs by the two principal companies, and despatches were carried by a couple of boys, friends of the family, down to the ladies in the drawing-room. Mr. Cleveland was outwardly the least excited person in the house, although, early in the evening, it was evident that he had been reëlected to the Presidency overwhelmingly. Later in the evening, a number of political friends and associates connected with the management of the campaign came to the house, and at about midnight the cheering crowd in front of the house dispersed after a brief offhand address by the President-elect.

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BETWEEN HIS SECOND ELECTION AND
INAUGURATION



Between the time of his second election and his inauguration, Mr. Cleveland was in a hopeful and even elated state of mind. One evening one or two personal friends accompanied him to the Manhattan Club, in the old Stewart mansion, since replaced by the building of the Knickerbocker Trust Company. The rooms were crowded, and soon congratulatory speeches began. After a while, in came Mr. Croker, conducted by Mr. Whitney. Mr. Croker sat down opposite the President-elect. In the very face of the Tammany leader, Mr. Cleveland made a ringing speech condemnatory of the spoils system. Afterward Mr. Benedict and I walked home with him. He was in a very earnest mood. He said he believed there was a new feeling in the political atmosphere, and that a higher sense of public duty prevailed. I got the

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impression that he was encouraged to think, from something Mr. Croker had said, that even Tammany would not embarrass him very greatly with its demands.

When the writer has been asked whether he knew Mr. Croker, he has been constrained to answer that he enjoyed a winking acquaintance with that somewhat saturnine celebrity. This statement was based upon the fact that that very evening, while a partizan spellbinder was making the walls resound with his familiar flowery and perfervid oratory, Mr. Croker's somber countenance was turned toward the unknown guest and suddenly made expressive by an unmistakable contraction of the muscles about the right eye.

THE SECOND INAUGURATION



Mr. Cleveland invited Mrs. Gilder and me to accompany his party to Washington for his second inauguration.

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There was naturally a decided feeling of elation among those near to the new President, because of the popular vindication of his lonely and courageous stand, especially in the matter of sound money. Every one was in a hopeful mood — all the more so because there was so little realization of the painful political struggles inevitably approaching.

The weather was harsh, and the ceremonies put the President's physical endurance to a severe test. Notwithstanding the strain, the President was as fresh in the evening as any member of the little, intimate group that gathered in the White House library, just over the Blue Room. As we were sitting there quietly, there gradually stole upon some of us the suspicion that something was wrong. Upon investigation it was found that the electric light wires had set the silk covering of the east wall of the Blue Room on fire. A ladder was quickly brought and the fire was extinguished before much damage was

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done. The family and guests did not let the incident mar the pleasure of the evening, and no publicity was given to the occurrence.

A BURNING QUESTION



Just before going to Washington the President said to me: "Don't you suppose that if I did exactly what you Civil Service Reform people want, in every particular, and should fail in the great, important measures of policy, and let the country go to the dogs on the currency, you people would be the first to say the President had no tact?" I replied that I thought it would not come to that — that he "would probably do both."

In the special train on the way to the inauguration, Mr. Cleveland said to me that nothing would please him more than immediately to take up matters of government and have all the appointments left

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to a commission; but he thought we were not ripe for that yet. He added that no one believed more completely than he in Civil Service Reform.

I am sure he intended from the beginning to take up the extension of the merit system, as he actually did, in due order. That was his idea: "One thing at a time": Repeal of the Sherman Silver-Purchasing Law; Tariff Reform; Extension of Civil Service Reform. Independent leaders, like Carl Schurz, thought this a mistake; that to keep up the old system at this time was merely to log-roll for legislation, to "purchase votes by patronage." Whatever may be said in the way of criticism, and of the numerous appointments of "anti-Cleveland" men at the beginning of the second administration, I believe it was all in pursuance of the belief that this was the reasonable method — one reform at a time; no violent departure from political custom, thus creating at once an obstructive Congress.

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In detail this policy sometimes led to unfortunate results. It may even, possibly, have been mistaken as a whole. It led to some things that were certainly repugnant to the views and tastes of Reformers. I am not intending any further defense than is implied in the record of the historic fact that Cleveland acted according to a well-considered plan, honestly adopted.

Mr. Schurz was out of sympathy with the method on grounds of general public policy, and with respect to the cause of "good government." He thought that to antagonize the politicians entirely was just as well as to antagonize them partly; and that a President's first duty was to administer and not to legislate. One of the President's former Cabinet officers, a Democrat of the Reform stamp, also took this ground, but was especially exercised as to the character of appointments, and what he thought to be the President's too great anxiety to recognize all branches of the

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party, including the worst sections of it.

Meantime, the President thought that while he must be sure that those who supported him should not be proscribed, he also had a right to insist that those who opposed him should not be proscribed. He got to be somewhat annoyed by the constant iteration of the plea, "I was your friend," "I was always a Cleveland man," coming from applicants for office in every part of the country.

The following letter indicates his feeling on this subject, in the midst of the usual pressure for office preceding the inauguration:

" Lakewood, N. J

" Feb'y 18, 1893

" . . . I wonder if I am to be called on to wade up to my ears in the political disturbances of all the States.

" I like my 'friends,' but if I am to be charged with the care of them in every locality and against all attacks, I shall certainly find no time to do anything else.

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“But I suppose we shall manage it in some fashion.

“Yours sincerely

“*Grover Cleveland.*”

The ex-secretary to whom I refer held that the question whether a Democrat should support Cleveland, or one of the opposing leaders in the party, was, to a great extent, a test of character. This Cleveland was slow to admit. As time went on, many of his appointees violently opposed almost every principle with which the Administration was identified, and I noticed that he began to feel that, his original enemies having in some localities got the lion's share of offices, it was no more than right to lean the other way during the last half of his term.

TILL TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING



Mr. Josiah Quincy of Boston, who was looked upon as favorable to Civil Service

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Reform, was taken into the Administration as Assistant Secretary of State, apparently with a view of assisting in making whatever changes might be considered necessary in the consular service. It seemed as if the very fact that the work was done with characteristic Cleveland promptness and "strict attention to business" brought down upon Mr. Quincy's head the charge of having "looted the consular service."

It may have been, as some charged, that Mr. Quincy was "not a good judge of men." His advice may or may not have been wise in every instance,—I do not know,—but for the policy itself it seemed to me that if there were any blame, it should attach to the President and not to his assistant. This is the way that Mr. Cleveland himself looked upon it.

One night after the resignation of Mr. Quincy (he did not expect to remain in office) the President and I sat up till two o'clock in the morning talking over vari-

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ous matters, but especially the consular appointments. He went over the list, explaining in each case the reasons for retention or substitution. He told me that he had worked over these appointments personally with Mr. Quincy, and he thought the Assistant Secretary had acted with perfect honesty and good faith.

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION.



In the whole matter of the Civil Service I found myself in a somewhat embarrassing situation, owing to my connection with the reform movement on the one side, and my friendly relations, on the other, with the Chief Executive, whose action in regard to appointments did not always meet with the approval of my Civil Service Reform friends and associates.

I did not feel called upon to abuse the President's hospitality by direct and personal appeals, even in behalf of a reform

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in which I was very deeply interested. I naturally felt that my position on the subject being perfectly understood by him, whatever personal influence could do was being tacitly exerted; and besides I was sure he would somehow manage to set the reform well ahead.

Once when I was on my way to visit the President in Washington, I stopped over at Baltimore as a guest of the local Civil Service Association. There, before myself speaking, I listened to some pretty sharp criticism of the President for certain recent Maryland appointments. When it came my turn to speak I said that perhaps I had a keener sense than some others of the difficulties that beset well-meaning executives; but that if Mr. Cleveland did not, before the expiration of his Presidency, do more than any other President had yet done for Civil Service Reform, I should be "the most disappointed man in the United States."

While on this visit to the President I

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seized the opportunity of telling him about the Baltimore meeting, and repeated to him what I had said as to my expectations concerning his future action. With the greatest warmth he approved of this statement of faith, and this I took to be quite sufficient declaration of his intentions, and a virtual pledge that we should not be disappointed in regard to the final outcome.

With definite intention, also, I repeated to him what I had recently said to Mr. Schurz, namely, that I believed that just as Mr. Lincoln "got even" with Carl Schurz in regard to the latter's letter of criticism of Lincoln's attitude in relation to slavery, by issuing his Emancipation Proclamation, so Mr. Cleveland would answer the criticisms of the same Carl Schurz by greatly extending the merit system in the Civil Service!

Mr. Cleveland, on hearing this, heartily exclaimed, "You are right!" And again I felt that a complete promise had

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been given — a promise thoroughly fulfilled when, later, the wide extensions of the rules were made, signalizing the largest advance that had been accomplished in the progress of the reform.

IN TIME OF STRESS



In the fall of 1894, at the close of a visit at Gray Gables, and just as I was leaving the house to take the train for home, I quoted a word of criticism or suggestion from Mr. Schurz, President of the Civil Service Reform League. I fear I chose a very unfortunate moment for this second-hand "advice," as it was a time when the President was under very great strain. He was hurt by my quotation, and made a remark about the advisability of resigning and letting some of us, including Mr. Schurz, run the government. This was the only time in our acquaintance when he showed irritation at anything I said or

GROVER CLEVELAND:

wrote to him, and I mention the incident now because the letter I received immediately after my departure is so touchingly characteristic:

"Gray Gables, Buzzards Bay, Mass.

"Oct. 12, 1894

"MY DEAR MR. GILDER

"From something —— said to me, I fear, as much as fear can displace astonishment, that you went away from here feeling uncomfortable on account of my very poor joke about the Stevenson Cabinet.

"My position is such a grievous one and my work is so altogether gloomy, that I suppose I never ought to attempt pleasantry.

"You will perhaps consider my privilege of saying things quite direct about the Democratic party. Concerning that party as represented by its organization in the State of New York and perhaps in other

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quarters, I said that the logical thing for me to do, if I were to be in agreement with the conduct of that organization, was to resign and hand the executive branch to Mr. Stevenson; and then to relieve this statement of seriousness, I committed the great indiscretion of attempting a joke by saying that when the contingency arose I would try to get you a place in the new Cabinet.

“I am very sorry and will steer clear of rocks of that kind in the future.

“I hope it is not necessary for me to assure you how much I am comforted by your constant and disinterested friendship and how much I am encouraged, or at least saved from utter discouragement, by any approval I am able to win from you and men like you. I know too there is a God but I do not know his purposes, nor when their results will appear. I know the clouds will roll away, but I do not know who, before

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that time, will be drowned in their floods.

“Yours most sincerely
“ *Grover Cleveland.*”

CLOSE AT HAND



Cleveland's Second Administration was crowded with issues to meet which required all the fortitude of a strong nature. Early in the Administration occurred the complication of ill health, which made the strain greatly harder to bear. The repeal of the Sherman Silver Act was not accomplished without tremendous effort in which the President was the dominating influence. The Wilson Bill reducing the tariff was, in detail, so great a disappointment that the President let it become a law without his signature. The repression of the prolonged riot at Chicago; the arresting of financial disaster by the bond issues; the complication with Great Britain in the

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Venezuelan matter; the negotiation of an arbitration treaty with Great Britain, which failed of confirmation by the Senate; the constant fight with the spoilsmen; and the drift of the President's party away from what he considered sound financial policies — these, and many minor troubles, were a great draft upon the courage, resolution, and endurance of a conscientious Chief Executive. Many of the President's larger achievements during this period have already been warmly approved not only by his political supporters, but by succeeding Presidents of the opposite party. The impression made close at hand, by the attitude and aims of President Cleveland, are reflected in the following letter written by me from the White House in the winter of 1894:

“ *Executive Mansion, Washington.*

“ *2d February, 1894*

“ MY DEAR R. U. J.

“ . . . I have spent many hours

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with the President alone, driving; and have besides seen a great deal of him in the house. From others, as well as himself, I have learned details of the struggle in relation to silver — showing the tremendous moral force he put forth successfully at that time in behalf of what we believe to have been the right issue. His health and spirits are both better than they are supposed to be; the former entirely satisfactory, the latter showing the immense power of resistance inherent in a nature convinced that aims and conscience are right — even if the judgment may be consciously subject to correction.

“I am fortified in my faith that along the general lines of Civil Service Reform he is acting up to a sincere policy — whether right or not as to methods — *i.e.* whether right as to times and seasons or not. I do not find the petulance that is charged, or unreasonableness; but a most solemn and earnest conviction of duty and

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of terrible responsibility. Of such a man, in such harassing circumstances, it is unfair to judge hastily. We must look at the large results and it is too early yet to judge of these. Already people are beginning to forget that it was one man, against tremendous odds and a dangerous plot, that bended his back and lifted the silver load off the country."

"TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS"



In February, 1895, I went to Washington, under the weather, for a little vacation. The President made me leave the hotel and come over to the White House, where I was nursed and doctored. I remained there for several days convalescing, and detained by a blizzard which interrupted communication with New York. Their guest's birthday thus arriving in the midst of blizzards and bond-

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issues, an impromptu celebration was gotten up for him, with cakes and candles. It was at a time when a financial panic was threatened and resort had already been taken to the issue of large blocks of bonds by the Government. I found the President in a most anxious state of mind.

On Tuesday evening, February 5, I was invited to accompany the Presidential family to a Cabinet dinner at the house of Postmaster General Bissell. After going out with the ladies, I remarked to Colonel Lamont, then Secretary of War, that I thought I had better not return with the men to the dining-room as there might be some confidential business on hand. He, however, insisted upon my coming back, and in a moment I found myself present at an important Cabinet meeting. The President was seated at the head of the table, with the Secretary of the Treasury at his left hand. He asked a few questions as to what had been done in Congress that

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day; exclaimed, "That don't help us!" and, with a look of resolution on his face which I shall never forget, he brought his fist down on the table, and said, "I believe in taking the bull by the horns!" adding that he favored coming out that week with an issue of bonds of so many millions. There was immediately general acquiescence, whereupon the Cabinet meeting was over.

The next day the President joked me about being present at a Cabinet meeting. "We did n't swear you in, last night," he said; "you have a good chance to make a pile of money in Wall Street!" To which I replied: "I know that, very well, and am studying how to go about it!"

GLIMPSES OF THE WHITE HOUSE AND WOODLEY



One springtime night, during the Second Administration, Mrs. Gilder and I

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arrived late in Washington on our way to visit the President's family at Woodley, his then out-of-town home. We expected to stay all night at the hotel and go out to Woodley the next morning. But we were met by William Sinclair, the White House steward, and told that we were to spend the night at the Executive Mansion.

It was a balmy night. The White House gardens were odorous; it was like summer. The cool white mattings were down, and the stately old house, in the mysterious and lovely moonlight, was more beautiful and noble than ever. We had never before been there in the absence of the family, and it was a strange experience — all the more strange because on the train, coming down to Washington, we happened to have been reading "The Prisoner of Zenda."

The next morning, Sunday, I went into the vacant office of the Private Secretary, Mr. Thurber, and left there a proclamation to the effect that, having arrived at

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read me the letter from Governor Stone of Mississippi.¹ He said the reception of that letter seemed to him providential. He believed there was a Providence in such things. He had seen, on the whole, an admirable public utterance by Stone on the currency. Soon after this came the letter complaining (with a good deal of justice, the President thought) about the Mississippi appointments of men who were opposed to every policy of the Administration. This gave him the opportunity to write a letter to a Democrat in favor of sound money, and show the bad policy of giving such a vantage-ground to the enemy.

“Mr. Cleveland said he had now done his whole duty in this matter and he did not expect to keep on making public statements on the subject. He would, of course, be charged with breaking up the party; but the silver money men had begun

¹ See “The Public Papers of Grover Cleveland,” letter to the Hon. J. M. Stone, April 26, 1895.

GROVER CLEVELAND:

it, and he had only done what was right.

“I said that of course they would accuse him of disrupting the party, but that the leaders of the Democracy, like Fairchild and Governor Russell, felt that his record was about all there was that would save the party in the historical continuity of principles; they thought that the only hope was to rally the party, in the future, to the sound views of their Democratic President.”

CIVIL SERVICE — VENEZUELA — CUBA

A THIRD TERM



I paid the Clevelands two visits in the fall of 1895 — one at Gray Gables, the other at Woodley. The President told me, at Woodley, that by the time this Administration was ended, about every office that could be put under Civil Service rules would be placed thereunder. We talked a good deal about jingoism, and both of us

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with great contempt for the hectoring attitude toward foreign countries. Knowing his sentiments on the subject, I felt assured when I heard, later, when abroad, of the message concerning Venezuela, that it was not dictated by the jingo spirit, but that his action was honestly arrived at, and all the more sincerely on account of the President's general sentiment against jingoism. I quote from my notes:

“With the President from Friday 31st July, 1896, until Tuesday, 4th August, fishing at Peter's Pond; also off Wareham on Monday. We came back from Mashpee on Saturday night to Gray Gables. Monday night, the 3d, had an interesting talk, especially about Cuba. He told me of the visit of the sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. He asked them why they did not acknowledge the belligerency of the insurgents if they thought it wise; the Congress had the power to bring about war; it would be the duty of the Executive to obey. Oh,

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no, they did not wish that; then he explained how the Executive had pushed the American demands as to damages, treatment of prisoners claiming American protection, and the like. He thought they went away content, after seeing the actual difficulties, to let the matter remain in the hands of the Executive.

“The President went on to tell me all the difficulties of the position. He was willing to go a great way in insisting upon humanity — in fact, he feared there were some outrages on both sides, if the truth were known. But in a general way he felt it incumbent upon him to be extremely careful, as the public mind seemed to be in an inflammable state and a spark might kindle a conflagration. He said there seemed to be an epidemic of insanity in the country just at this time.

“One day we were discussing the chances of international arbitration. He said that we should have it soon, unless Salisbury prevented it.

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“With regard to the third term, the President said that there was never a time when he would have accepted the third term even if it could have been given to him without an election. He did not decline, because it was not offered to him. Nevertheless, on two different occasions, he came near making an opportunity and writing a letter giving his sentiments, but finally concluded not to do so. He said that in all his consultations he was not advised to do so. He had one talk, for instance, with Colonel A. K. McClure, in which the colonel at first thought he had better, and afterward changed his mind during the conversation. I asked the President’s secretary whether any prominent person, who had the right to ask, had written to the President desiring to know his mind on the subject, and he said that no one had. I also asked the secretary whether there was any movement around any person, with which movement the President’s non-action might

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be supposed to interfere. He said there was not such a movement.

“As to the Bryan convention and the free-silver craze, the President said he might have an opportunity of calling attention to the Chicago platform and asking Democrats whether they found it to represent the real principles of Democracy.”

“THE WHOLE BARREL IS GOING!”



In the winter of 1897 I had several long talks with the President in the White House, till one o'clock,—once till nearly half-past two,—in the morning, always leaving him fresh and still going on with his work. I quote from my notes:

“He said that there was less disinterestedness in Congress now than there was twelve years ago. It seemed to be no use for him to call attention to the lavish expenditure of public money; his vetoes were

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almost always overridden as soon as they could get at them. They seemed to be going through the old pension list and increasing former pensions at a fearful rate. He thought he might have a calculation made as to where this would land us. 'Don't the American people see how their money is going? It is n't 'out at the bung'—the whole barrel is going.'

THE ARBITRATION TREATY THAT FAILED



"He went over the matter of the treaty of arbitration with Great Britain. He said it had been all done (so far as the negotiations went between the contesting parties) in such a good spirit. It had been educational. It was the Lord's own mercy that the matter had been placed in Pauncefote's hands. Pauncefote was very much in earnest about it. They had gradually, through Pauncefote, brought Salisbury to their way of thinking;—the cable had

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been used a good deal. It would put us in a very bad light before the world if it should be thrown out; but he had had no real confidence in its ratification by the Senate from the beginning. At one time he had thought of saying so publicly, thinking that perhaps the Senate would in that case be more likely to take a favorable view of it — and then he thought better of it — concluded it would be dangerous to fool with the thing in that way."

GENERAL SHERIDAN — THE PRESIDENT'S TONE



"One night he went over the whole Chicago riot matter — apropos of Miles and Schofield. . . . Once when there was trouble with the Indians he said to Sheridan that he would feel better if he were on the spot, and Sheridan said he would go. 'When can you go?' said the Presi-

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dent. 'I will start to-night,' said Sheridan, and he did. Sheridan, he said, made an excellent report, which bore excellent fruit.

"The President seems as much interested in the present and the immediate future of the country as ever. He thinks the sound money propaganda should be kept up with vigor, especially in the South. He talked a great deal about this and, in arranging for his own next public appearance in New York in response to invitations, he evidently wished to help along the cause as much as possible.

"There is, as usual, a great contrast between the President's tone and that of most of the public men,—or private citizens for the matter of that,—whom one meets in Washington. Cynicism and indifference prevail. But ever since I first talked with him here in the White House, ten or eleven years ago, I have found the same intensity of interest in the best things,

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— and the same surprise at not being met more cordially in the attempt to serve the country in a disinterested spirit. He is strenuous and combative, when he thinks he is right, in *action*, but not in personal tone toward those whom he meets; he may be firm with them, but tries to win by appeals to fairness, to duty, and to reason. He is himself reasonable and open to conviction — and is always rather inclined to take an optimistic view from his faith in ‘the people,’ and his conviction that all honest men ought to agree in patriotic spirit if not in detail as to methods.”

LETTERS FROM AN ANXIOUS EXECUTIVE



Quotations from letters of Mr. Cleveland written during his second term give an indication of the heavy burdens he was carrying, which, indeed, all Presidents must carry:

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“ Executive Mansion, Washington.

“ Oct. 8, 1893

“ MY DEAR GILDER

“ . . . I am suffering many perplexities and troubles and this term of the Presidency has cost me so much health and vigor that I have sometimes doubted if I could carry the burden to the end. My determination is to live and I believe God has put the belief in my mind that I can still be of use to my country.

“ Whatever happens I am grateful and happy in my home. Mrs. Cleveland and both children are as well as they can be.

“ With much love to Mrs. Gilder and the children and especial remembrances to my friend George — I am

“ Yours most sincerely

“ Grover Cleveland.”

“ Executive Mansion, Washington.

“ Jan. 4, 1894

“ . . . I am thinking these days that I have my full share of perplexities

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— indeed I am never without them — and I am also thinking that they can be met in but one way and that is by keeping the heart and conscience right and following their lead. But I must not preach. . . .

“Your sincere friend

“*Grover Cleveland.*”

“*Executive Mansion, Washington.*

“*May 3, 1894*

“ . . . I thank you too for the opportunity to read the forthcoming article on the Consular Service. Nobody would be better pleased than I to see it reasonably hedged about.

“We are getting on pretty well. In the sphere of public affairs I feel that I have my full share of trouble and perplexity but I have never lost hope and have never doubted that the end would compensate for all. This will certainly be so and even to-day the clear sky is showing.

“The American people ought to have

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learned a valuable lesson. I don't know whether they have or not.

"I wonder if a *true* history of the last fourteen months will ever be written. It is crammed full of instructive things. . . .

"Your sincere friend
"Grover Cleveland."

"*Executive Mansion, Washington.*

"*Dec. 26, 1894*

" . . . I hope in days to come we may together explore the nooks of my lunch basket, on the shore of Peter's Pond or in some care-free spot.

"I am so depressed during these days that the thought of my lack of deserving any thought of my friends is strangely mixed with the gratification caused by the evidence that you *have* thought of me.

"I am sure I never was more completely in the right path of duty than I am now and more sure I never did better public service than now; but it is depressing

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enough to have no encouragement from any quarter.

“ I believe I shall hold out, but I doubt if I shall advise any one to lose the support of party in the hope of finding support among those who beyond partisanship profess a patriotic desire for good government.

“ I want now to live until my task, undertaken to suit good people, is done and until your work for the public good is also done; and then I want to see much of you and such as you.

“ Will you give my love to Mrs. Gilder and the children and believe me

“ Yours very sincerely

“ *Grover Cleveland.*”

“ *Executive Mansion, Washington.*

“ *March 23, 1895*

“ . . . As day after day passes, full of trouble and annoyances with such small surface results, I find myself again

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and again saying ‘How flat, stale and unprofitable.’

“If occasional words of encouragement did not reach me like a breath of fresh air in this dreadful atmosphere, I would be in danger of sinking into a condition of mere anxiety for my release from the things that surround me here.

“But two years more will quickly pass.

“I hope you will make it your business to secure for yourself a good holiday this summer. It’s one of the things you need. I am looking forward to the first of June as the time I hope my vacation will begin. . . . Sincerely yours

“*Grover Cleveland.*”

“*Gray Gables. Buzzards Bay. Mass.*

“*July 20, 1896.*

“I see you are having considerable to say about over-crowded houses ¹ since your

¹ Referring to tenement-house work.

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return from abroad. There's a house up here which is not over-crowded but which I think you should examine. Indeed I shall not feel safe and comfortable until you do.

"I have supposed of course you would be up and have been expecting some intimation from you on the subject, though I suppose for a while after your return to the country, you would submit to the 'demnition grind' of waiting work.

"I think now however it is about time for you to bust the harness and cut for Buzzards Bay air. . . .

"I am just about starting to attend Ex-Gov. Russell's funeral. What a loss! There are few men in the country who it seems to me could not have been better spared.

"Mrs. Cleveland and her mother who is with us send affectionate remembrances. Our youngest — a year old a few days

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ago — just proudly trotted past my window.

“Yours very sincerely

“*Grover Cleveland.*”

The note of disappointment and despondency in some of the letters above was by no means constant. I have never seen such care in a human face as I have seen in his at times of harassing and overwhelming pressure. But President Cleveland had the strong man's love of action; and the most perplexing situations often led him to his most pronounced and successful decisions — decisions which now and again brought to him lasting satisfaction and wide-spread acclaim. His fishing and hunting excursions, while entered upon with appetite, were also considered by him a duty; for it was only on these little vacations that he was able to obtain the exercise, and release from mental strain, that kept him alive, and made him

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capable of the application which was a habit as well as a matter of conscience with him. I have heard him say that while on the water he could cast his public cares aside, but they would come crushing down upon him the moment he put his foot on dry land.

THE OTHER END OF THE HOUSE — APPRE- CIATION OF FRIENDSHIP — MR.

SCHURZ A HARD MASTER

During the second term he had a little family about him, and this was a never-ending source of refreshment. Often, in trying times, he would answer inquiries as to the welfare of his family with the remark: "They are as well as they can be. It is this end of the house that troubles me. If things should go wrong at the other end I would feel like quitting the place for good."

The following letter was written apro-

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pos of a paper entitled, "Our Fellow-Citizen of the White House," which was being prepared by Mr. Clarence C. Buel, Assistant Editor, for the March, 1897, number of THE CENTURY.

"Executive Mansion, Washington.

"Dec. 27, 1896

"MY DEAR MR. GILDER

" . . . Of all men in the world you know best that I do honestly try to 'keep the compass true,' and I am convinced that you appreciate better than others, how misleading the fogs sometimes are. I frequently think what a glorious boon omniscience would be to one charged with the Chief Magistracy of our nation.

"I can only thank you from the bottom of my heart, for this last, of many, proofs of your friendship, and assure you of the comfort and encouragement it has been to me. I should be afflicted if my barometer ever indicated anything but 'clear weather' in our relations.

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“I have been afraid sometimes since I left you here a week ago, that you might not feel like bothering us too much, in the preparation of the article you had in proof. I want to say to you that you must draw on us to any extent you desire, to make the article suit you. Of course your magazine instinct fits you to judge as to the items that will interest readers but you must understand that everything, personal or otherwise, that would be at all suitable for such publication is at your disposal. For example I have been sometimes surprised and irritated by the accusation or intimation that I lacked in appreciation of friendship and did not recognize sufficiently what others did for me. Of course this is as far from the truth as it can be and can only have its rise in a refusal on my part to compensate friends by misappropriation from the trust funds of public duty. To this I plead guilty on many charges ; but no one is more delighted



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MCKINLEY TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE

Chief-Justice Fuller

President McKinley

Ex-President Cleveland

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than I when friendship and public duty travel in the same way. . . .

“ Having made these suggestions I am so impressed that they are useless and foolish that I feel like telling you to utterly disregard them, except as they indicate my willingness to do anything you wish in the business. . . .

“ I was delighted in my late interview with Mr. Schurz to see that he had recovered from his Venezuelan scare and was quite satisfied apparently with the Civil Service reform situation. He is a good and useful man and I am always pleased to have him friendly, but as I told him once, he is ‘a hard master.’ I only hope he will gain the best information attainable and be just. I know he will try to be.

“ This is a horribly long letter. . . .

“ Sincerely your friend

“ *Grover Cleveland.*”

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WHAT PRESIDENT CLEVELAND SAID TO
PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, AND
SPEAKER REED



One of the most strangely interesting things that can happen in a country like ours is the private meeting and conversation between an outgoing and an incoming President. No President has had two talks with successors except Cleveland. He told me that, at the time of McKinley's inauguration, he said to the new President that he hoped that his administration would be successful, and that he would not have so many reasons as he (Cleveland) to feel glad when he came to go out. At this Mr. McKinley was most sympathetic, saying that Mr. Cleveland's place in history was assured.

At the time of the Dingley high tariff bill Mr. Cleveland spoke to me as follows (I quote from my notes):

“Just as they parted, Mr. McKinley

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thanked him most warmly for all he had done to make things smooth for him, and said: 'Now, Mr. Cleveland, isn't there something you would like me to do for you?' Mr. Cleveland thanked him and replied: 'No, Mr. President, there is nothing that I want personally; but I beg you to remember that the time may come again when it will be necessary for another union of the forces which supported honest money, against this accursed heresy; and for this reason I ask you to use all your influence against any such extreme action as would prevent such a union.'

"McKinley replied that he fully appreciated the danger and the necessity; and that he had already begun to act in that direction in the make-up of his cabinet. Cleveland said they were both very much moved, and both spoke with a great deal of feeling. This was their last conversation.

"Cleveland had had a conversation with Speaker Reed on the same subject. Cleve-

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land said that there had never been greater patriotism shown than that of the honest-money Democrats in the last election. Reed said he had acknowledged that in his speeches. Cleveland added that it was very important to keep in mind that something might occur that would confront us with the same or greater danger again in four years. For this reason there should be no extreme treatment of the tariff question. He would be in favor of a tax on beer, for instance. Reed said that would be dangerous politically. Cleveland acknowledged that, but how if the responsibility were divided politically? Reed said: 'Oh, give us good times, and all will come out right.' "

DEED, NOT RECORD



I have spoken of Mr. Cleveland's refusing to worry about the record of his correspondence. This was characteristic

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of his whole attitude as to record. I have known many public men, and I never knew so pronounced an instance of absorption in deed and disregard of record. During his active life he was too intent upon the making of history to give any thought to recording it.

In the days of "records" and "claims," it was bracing to find a man who let the accomplishment pass from his hand without the slightest anxiety about its history. His theory of life was to do the best he could each day, and then to stop worrying about it — and not to worry at all about telling the story of it.

This trait was only one phase of an admirable absence of self-consciousness or taint of vanity. From my point of view, he carried his indifference too far, and I was rejoiced when, after his final retirement from office, his connection with Princeton University led to his preparation of the lectures which resulted in a volume entitled "Presidential Problems," in which

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four among his most important public acts are carefully narrated.

It can well be believed that he was frequently urged by intimates and others to make autobiographic notes. It was put to him by different interests in a way that would have been as little onerous as possible and very profitable, and sometimes he seemed to be on the point of yielding to importunity. For at times he realized, especially as a young family grew up about him, and when false statements appeared in books, that correctness of record was due to his descendants and to those who had trusted him. And sometimes it occurred to him that the story of his career might be an incentive to patriotic service.

But the habit of his mind not to think of history, but of act, was too fixed, and he never reached the decision to write down the interesting and racy details with which his private conversation abounded. I am sorry for this, but I am reconciled to it,

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in admiration of his aversion to all forms of publicity and self-exploitation.

“PLAYING POLITICS”



Once, at Princeton, when talking about reminiscences, he said he hated to write anything of that sort in the first person. He thought that there were things in his life the telling of which would be of service to young men. He said: “The more I study my own career, there seems to me something that has had to do with it — call it Providence or what you will. This talk about the importance of ‘playing politics’ — look at the men who have played it. Have they got as far, after all, as I have?” He added that he believed profoundly in the effect of good early teachings and associations in the family. “You may not always live up to what you learn in this way, but the good influence always remains with you,” he said.

After his retirement he wrote a good

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deal, from time to time, on fishing and hunting and on various timely public subjects. But he refused the offer of a salary from a New York periodical to write miscellaneous essays twice a month for one year. The price was not large, but he did not object to that, but to assuming an obligation to produce "copy" regularly. He thought the task difficult and incongruous.

The following letters refer to certain attempts to turn his attention to the record of his public life:

"Executive Mansion, Washington.

"Nov. 20, 1896

" . . . You are quite right. There are now three projects on foot to serve me up and help people to breast or dark meat, with or without stuffing. The one I have heard the most of, was, when I last got a sight of it, running towards Prof. — . . . I've forgotten his name.

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"I don't know in the shuffle what will become of me and my poor old battered name, but I think perhaps I ought to look after it a little.

"I shall probably avail myself of your kindness.

"Yours sincerely
"Grover Cleveland"

"JOY'S FULL SOUL LIES IN THE DOING"



"Executive Mansion, Washington.

"January 16, 1897

" . . . Of course you know what my desire would be in regard to biography &c. I have been so prodded by public duty for a number of years past that I have had no opportunity to look after the preservation of anything that might be useful in writing history. . . . 'Joy's full soul lies in the doing'¹ has perforce been the motto over my mantel.

¹ "Troilus and Cressida."

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“It is late to gather things, but I thank you for your hint and will as far as possible act upon it.

“I feel in this matter as I do in regard to my White House portrait. I am not anxious to have one on exhibition, but if it is insisted on I naturally would be glad to be represented in a way that would be recognizable. . . .

“Yours very sincerely

“*Grover Cleveland*”

“MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY WRITTEN ON THEIR HEARTS”



“*Princeton, Jan. 28, 1905*

“ . . . You need not thank me, as you did in your last letter, for my co-operation with you in doing something that may cheer our old friend Mr. Moore. The kindness and the thoughtfulness of it is all with you; and you were kind to me as

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well as kind to him, in permitting me to join you.

“ . . . I want to thank you for your trouble in attempting to set Mr. —— right [referring to certain published historical mistakes concerning himself].

“ . . . I honestly think my dear Gilder that there are things in my life and career that if set out, and *read* by the young men of our country, might be of benefit to a generation soon to have in their keeping the safety and the mission of our Nation; but I am not certain of this, for I am by no means sure that it would be in tune with the vaudeville that attracts our people and wins their applause. Somehow I don't want to appear wearing a fur coat in July.

“ Mr. —— and all the forces about him have lately importuned me, in season and out of season, to write, say 12 autobiographical articles, offering what seems to me a large sum for them; but I have declined

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the proposition. I went so far (for I softened up a bit under the suggestion of duty and money) to inquire how something would do like talking to another person for publication; but that did not take at all. I don't really think I would have done even that, but the disapproval of merely a hint that the 'I' might to an extent be eliminated, made it seem to me more than ever, that the retention of everything that might attract the lovers of a 'snappy life' was considered important by the would-be publisher.

"There is a circle of friends like you, who I hope will believe in me. I am happy in the conviction that they will continue in the faith whether an autobiography is written or not. I want my wife and children to love me now, and hereafter to proudly honor my memory. They will have my autobiography written on their hearts where every day they may turn the pages and read it. In these days what

There is a circle of friends
like you, who I hope will believe in me. I
am happy in the conviction that they will
continue in the faith whether an auto-
biography is written or not. I wish my wife
and children to love me now, and
hereafter to fondly love my memory. They
will have my autobiography written on their
hearts when every day they may turn the
pages and read it. In those things which
else in them that is worth while to a
man nearly sixty eight years old?

Give my love to Mrs. Helen and believe
me

Yours faithfully

Wm. L. Cleveland

R. N. Gilman Esq
13 E. 8th St
New York

AN AUTOGRAPHIC LETTER (SLIGHTLY REDUCED) BY MR. CLEVELAND

From the conclusion of the letter printed on page 174

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else is there that is worth while to a man nearly sixty-eight years old?

"Give my love to Mrs. Gilder and believe me

"Yours faithfully

"*Grover Cleveland*"

CLEVELAND'S OWN ESTIMATE OF HIMSELF



One of the most interesting days I ever spent with Mr. Cleveland was the day of the dedication of the Grant monument. It was the 27th of April, 1897, in the month after his retirement, and at a time when he thought he had reason to feel disappointed at the lack of understanding and appreciation of his own public service. President McKinley was to make the address on the occasion, and Mr. Cleveland, who was just beginning his life in Princeton, had no duties to perform except to be present as a guest of the city. Having

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been designated by Mayor Strong to act as attendant upon the ex-President, I accompanied him in the parade, and witnessed the extraordinary reception tendered him by the people of the city along the line of the procession. The demonstration was, indeed, a revelation of the true feeling of the great masses of the people for the man. I could see that he was very deeply touched.

While we were alone at luncheon that day he talked in a tone of appreciation of his fellow-workers in his last administration. In speaking of Mr. Carlisle, he said he was perfectly sure of his disinterestedness. His very latest speech, that of the 24th of April, he considered a new proof of this. He might have said to himself that the whirligig of time, that brings such strange things around, might bring something to him. Nevertheless, he was perfectly outspoken and frank. Carlisle might have said, "There is no necessity for me to add to my sound-money record."

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Mr. Cleveland said that he only wished the public could have been behind the scenes and have heard all their talks together.

Mr. Cleveland's mind had carried him back to the days of stress when the Secretary and the President were battling together, in the interest of sound money and other causes dear to the President's heart; and thereupon he gave utterance to the most memorable words of self-estimate I ever heard from his lips:

"We are just right for each other; he knows all I ought to know, *and I can bear all we have to bear.*"

CLEVELAND AND ROOSEVELT



The relations between Cleveland and Roosevelt were of long standing. Mr. Cleveland was always very much interested in the younger man. They had met first in Albany, when Roosevelt was a leading young Republican reformer in the Assem-

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bly, and Cleveland was the Democratic reform Governor. Mr. Cleveland told me that he coöperated with Mr. Roosevelt sometimes in the interest of good measures before the legislature. He spoke of having sent for the assemblyman to get him so to shape a good bill that the Governor would be able to sign it.

As time went on, the two men were again brought into friendly official relations, the younger as a member of the National Civil Service Commission at Washington, and the older as President of the United States. After Mr. Cleveland made such wide extensions of the merit system in the Civil Service, during his second term, I said to him at Gray Gables, "Procter [the President of the Board] is immensely pleased with what you have done." "Yes," Mr. Cleveland answered, with a good deal of feeling, "but I can't help wishing Roosevelt had been there."¹

¹ John R. Procter, that most attractive Kentuckian, was made President of the Commission

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As Mr. Roosevelt's career opened up, Mr. Cleveland continued to be deeply interested in his activities and success. He said to me once: "Don't make any mistake; your friend Roosevelt is a good deal of a politician!" When the young politician was tragically plunged into the Presidency, Mr. Cleveland was deeply sympathetic. Mr. Roosevelt, during his first full day in the White House,—that is, the day after his arrival there,—told me that the best word written to him, on his becoming President, was from a Western governor; and that the kindest word said to him was by ex-President Cleveland, right there in the White House, when he came down from Princeton to take part in the funeral exercises for President McKinley. To Mrs. Cleveland, soon afterward, Mr. Roosevelt said that Mr. Cleveland's hearty words of encouragement were as if a senior had patted a freshman on the back by Mr. Cleveland while Mr. Roosevelt was a member, and largely through his influence.

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shoulder, and assured him of his success.

The two men were of such different temperaments, and were so often opposed as to opinions and methods, that it would have been a miracle if they had always continued in accord, and if the political and other proceedings of the younger had always met with the approval of the elder.

A DINNER AT LAURENCE HUTTON'S

A REMARKABLE SCENE



On the night of President Woodrow Wilson's inauguration at Princeton, in 1902, Laurence Hutton gave a dinner at his house at which were present ex-President Cleveland, ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed, "Mark Twain," E. C. Benedict, Henry Harper, Colonel Harvey, young Mr. Armour, Samuel Elliott of New York, and I. Mr. Cleveland sat at one end of the table, and Mr. Reed at the other. As we went out, there was every

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prospect of an amusing, story-telling evening. But as the evening went on and there was no general talk, I thought, Well, this is another case of too many lions — one kills the other. After a while, however, Mr. Elliott spoke up in a “general” voice, asking a serious question about the labor situation suggested by the violent acts of members of trades-unions in connection with the great coal strike. Then there began a conversation on the subject in which all but two or three took part. Mark Twain’s talk was partly humorous extravagance and partly conviction; Reed’s was mostly serious. In fact it was an illuminative discussion, some inclining to find reasons for the laborers, the others principally impressed by the outrages committed by them. Toward the end Mr. Benedict gave some interesting points in his own experience with workmen.

Finally, Mr. Hutton, beginning with a statement that he was “a Cleveland-Reed Republicrat,” declared that there was a

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trustee of Princeton University present, and as we had heard from Mr. Reed, he thought we ought now to hear from Mr. Cleveland. The ex-President and Trustee had made only a single remark, and that not important, during the debate. While it was going on he had sat most of the time silent and part of the time with drooped eyelids, a bit sleepy perhaps, and no one could tell whether or not he was interested in the give-and-take that was going on. When Hutton tried to call him out, no one knew whether or not he would care just then and there to give his views on this burning subject.

But quite suddenly Cleveland drew himself up in his chair and began one of the most eloquent and impressive deliverances I have ever heard from him. I was reminded of his look at his second inauguration. His eyes glowed with emotion; his expression was most earnest. He spoke with the fire of intense conviction. He began by saying that he did not know

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whether he had "any standing at all" in a debate where some had hinted at a dark future for the American people, possibly a return to monarchy. "What," he said, "is to become of the influence of our universities, our churches, our better press, and of the good men scattered throughout our community! America has often been threatened, but the results, for instance, of the last Presidential election show that the people as a whole could not be deceived. In these labor troubles there are wrongs on both sides; but have we made no advances? Look at the situation at this very moment, when a Commission appointed by the President of the United States is sitting to decide the points at issue. Is not this a sign of progress? Let us wait. Do not let us despair. Let us see what will come of this commission. I cannot lose faith in the ultimate right action of the American people."

And more in this same strain. I could not help thinking this: the only man now

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living who has been *elected* to the Presidency of the Republic is moved before our eyes to the defense of what is, in a peculiar sense, "his own people."

The little assembly listened with the keenest attention and the most profound respect. A new and solemn mood fell upon every one. There was nothing more to be said. The party broke up, and every one went home under an impression of hopefulness as to the future of our country.

CLEVELAND'S FEELING ABOUT LINCOLN



Mr. Cleveland's feeling about Lincoln grew more definitely appreciative and admiring as time went on, and as he came more and more to understand Lincoln's character. It was not Mr. Cleveland's habit to adopt a popular opinion without question, and he had not read deeply in the Lincoln literature when he went to



MR. CLEVELAND FISHING FROM A FLOATING ISLAND IN
OTTS RESERVOIR, AUGUST, 1901

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Washington. I remember a scene in the White House one day when the Lincoln and the Cleveland countenances were brought opposite one another in a singular manner. I had brought a bronze copy of the Volk life-mask of Lincoln to Washington in order to deposit it — for a committee — in the National Museum, and was staying at the White House. “You are sure this is genuine?” the President asked, as usual with him in all such matters. Being told the history of the mask, he took it in both hands and studied the face for a long time, intently and silently, and then gave it back to me without a word.

In September of 1906, at Cleveland’s summer home at Tamworth, New Hampshire, I had a most interesting talk with the ex-President about Lincoln. I found that he cherished a number of stories about him which he had gathered at Washington. He repeated these stories to me with great relish, especially the incident of Chase’s

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displeasure at Lincoln's reading and enjoyment of the comic writers of war-time. He delighted in Lincoln's declaration that his own enjoyment of jokes and humorous stories helped him to live through his troubles.

Mr. Cleveland got to talking about the genuineness of Lincoln's devotion to the country. The reason, said Mr. Cleveland, that Lincoln was able to do his work so successfully was because he was absolutely disinterested, absolutely patriotic; he had real patriotism.

He went on talking about Lincoln with increasing earnestness. He referred to the objections of the military authorities to his sympathetic attitude toward individual delinquents, and his frequent pardons. "Notwithstanding all that might be objectionable in these," said Cleveland, "what was he doing? *He was fortifying his own heart!* And that," said he, with intense feeling, "that was his strength, his own heart; *that* is a man's strength!"

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It is very gratifying to find a striking record of that increasing appreciation of Lincoln of which I have spoken in a letter written just six months before his death:

“MY PASSIONATE AMERICANISM”



“*Princeton, Dec. 28, 1907*

“ . . . I am delighted with the book you sent me as a Christmas gift — ‘Lincoln in the Telegraph Office,’ and I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. I have already read enough of it to be impressed with what it contains of a new *closeness* to a supremely great and good man. This ‘closeness’ grows more valuable to me and somehow, more — more — sacredly enshrined in my passionate Americanism, with every year of my life. . . .

“Faithfully your friend

“*Grover Cleveland.*”

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“ FORTIFYING HIS OWN HEART ”



Mr. Cleveland's friends have any number of stories about his own kindheartedness to both men and animals. When fishing, he limited the number of fish caught with a view to some reasonable use, and he killed his fish as soon as they were caught. When lying ill at Westland, he greatly enjoyed the singing of the birds in the early morning in the trees about the place, and was anxious that the cats should not be permitted to get at them. Once when he was living in New York I remember his worrying for days about a cat that he saw some boys chasing; he blamed himself for not getting out of the street car and defending the frightened animal. He was doubtless restrained from such chivalric descent upon the young hoodlums by reflection as to the crowd and the conspicuity that would have attended the rescue.

The Presidential family were amused by

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the frequently grotesque begging letters that poured in upon them. But the numbers of these applications, and the absurdity of many of them, did not by any means cause the President to disregard them all; he gave attention to some appeals, indeed, that might be thought to have little warrant. I remember the case of a youth who "had the nerve" to ask the President to assist him financially through college. The young man had no claim at all upon Mr. Cleveland, but there was something about the letter that interested him; so, instead of throwing it into the waste-paper basket, he made careful inquiries and actually granted the request.

I found out that, at Marion, he had lent a neighbor some seven hundred dollars for what seemed a reasonable seafaring venture, nearly all of which sum was lost. I do not know how many "old farm," and other small real estate "investments" of his were made simply for the purpose of

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helping out some unfortunate owner, sometimes an entire stranger to the purchaser. It would be easy to multiply instances of this sort, but I will mention only one more case that I learned about only after his death. A lawyer friend told me about it at the time of the funeral — how, not a great while before, Mr. Cleveland sent for him and confessed that he had “made a fool of himself again,” and wanted to be helped out of the scrape. In other words, he had gone security for a perfect stranger,—to the extent of some five thousand dollars,—in a case where he thought the man had been unjustly treated, though his beneficiary was a kind of man for whom Mr. Cleveland really could have little sympathy. Surely, all through his life Mr. Cleveland was “fortifying his own heart” with acts of kindness. No wonder he understood so well that trait in Lincoln.

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CONVERSATIONS WITH THE EX-PRESIDENT THE SPANISH WAR



There follow records of some of the writer's many conversations with Mr. Cleveland during the last ten years of his life:

Indian Harbor. Summer of 1898.—
“Spent the night at the Benedicts’ with the Clevelands, on their way to Gray Gables, just after Mr. Cleveland’s Lawrenceville address. I was somewhat surprised during the evening that I could not get him to say much about the war with Spain. But later he came up to my bedroom and settled down for a good talk. I never saw him in a more solemn mood. He spoke like a prophet, with a burden of warning upon him. It made me feel that, even if one did not see everything exactly in the same light, if a man like him felt as he felt, with such a passion of earnestness, the views themselves had a tremendous

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importance. He deplored the war-fury — said that it was amazing to see that the same clergy who, a little while ago, were calling for peace and arbitration and the confirmation of the arbitration treaty, were now for war, for ‘killing everybody.’ He was afraid the country would gain a reputation for hypocrisy in the way the war was brought on.”

Gray Gables. September, 1898.—“I asked whether it were true that he declared when President he would not send a ship to Havana — ‘to be blown up.’ He said that story must have originated in Secretary Herbert’s saying that a single vessel, if sent there, might be blown out of the water by the guns of the fortifications; and that if any were sent, in case of necessity, it would be better to be prepared to send more than one. As a fact, vessels were placed in near American ports to be used, not for war purposes, but for the

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quick protection of American interests in Cuba.

“I told him that General Stewart L. Woodford told me at the Tolstoi dinner, a few nights before, that, if it had not been for Congress, the administration, with himself as ambassador, could by this time have gained all that we now have, except the Philippines, without firing a shot or losing a single life. Mr. Cleveland said he thought this was true, and that he feared that in the historical record the declaration of war, occurring as it did in the midst of such great concessions on the part of Spain, would not redound altogether to the credit of our country. He said that when he saw that certain senators had called on President McKinley and had come away with an assurance which satisfied them, to the effect that if something was not done in a week he would hand the matter over to them — he felt that all was up. He said that the final Spanish con-

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cession as to the *reconcentrados* took away our humanitarian grounds of interference — their appropriation for relief and invitation to us to assist in the relief measures.

“The attack upon the enemy’s fleet by Dewey was, he said, of course perfectly right and proper, but, after that, Dewey should have been ordered to join the blockading squadron. He looked with alarm at the acquisition of island territory, and thought that Harmon’s view as to the unconstitutionality of the proceeding was important. He said that the trouble would be increased by the fact that these island populations had no traditional ties whatever in relation to either our government or country. He thought it amazing that we should be reversing our system as to military armaments, while the Czar of Russia himself was calling for peace and disarmament.

“He spoke with much earnestness of Bayard, whom he believed to be dying.

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He said that patriotism was the very principle of his life. He had been somewhat disappointed at his attitude concerning the Venezuelan affair, especially as Bayard himself had had something to do with it when Secretary of State, and he had written to him ('from this very room'), telling him what they were going to do. He finally took the matter from Ambassador Bayard's hands and dealt through Pauncefote. But all this, he said, made no difference in his feeling for Bayard. They, by tacit consent, never discussed the subject. He became eloquent in praising Bayard's devotion to country.

"He said that the arbitration treaty was the direct outgrowth of the Venezuelan message. He thought that Pauncefote first suggested it, right on the heels of the other matter. Cleveland thought the failure of the treaty a wicked thing."

[Mr. Cleveland's private secretary, Mr. Thurber, told me that when Mr. Cleveland showed him the Venezuelan Message,

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he, the secretary, remarked that it was pretty strong, or words to that effect. Whereupon Mr. Cleveland put his hand on Mr. Thurber's shoulder and said: "Thurber, this does not mean war; *it means arbitration.*" It should be remembered that the President really obtained delay by that message, forestalling any possibly rash act by Congress, and postponing action till a commission should be appointed and report.]

"In talking about the Senate, I asked him if the country would not be better governed if the functions of confirmation were limited. He thought so decidedly, and spoke of having signed a bill when Governor taking away the right of confirmation of nominations from aldermanic boards. His signature was accompanied by a message.

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CABINET APPOINTMENTS



“He said there was little excuse for a very bad cabinet appointment, for a cabinet officer was a member of the President’s family, so to speak; and it was generally understood that it was indelicate for candidates to be too strenuously pushed upon the Executive. He said he had had very little trouble in this particular. In this connection he went over the Garland matter, and gave me in detail his reasons for not believing Garland guilty of any actual impropriety whatever. In the circumstances it would have been grossly unjust, he thought, for him to have asked for his resignation.”

GROVER CLEVELAND:

CUBA AGAIN — CIVIL SERVICE REFORM —
CAN NEVER SATISFY SPOILSMEN



Princeton, Tyningham, and Gray Gables, 1899.—"Some people, he said, said to him that if he had remained President, there would have been no war with Spain. He thought this was not quite fair, as we did not know just what had gone on below the surface. He deprecated the war, though, and especially the Philippine fighting.

"With regard to the civil service, politicians used to come to him after he was elected and urge him to disregard the pledges of the party and his own personal pledges in this regard. He would say to them: 'There it is in the platform, and I have given my word. I would no more lie to the American public than to you.'

"He added: 'If a President yields to the demands of the spoilsmen, he can never satisfy them. As between satisfying them

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and seeing this great Government well administered, there ought to be no choice — and civil-service reform above all things is a relief to the Executive and a good thing in itself.’

“In making his final extensions, he was, he said, guided by the opinion of those who were administering details. If any of them recommended extensions with a view of protecting incumbents, they forgot how freely removals could be made.”

PUTTING DOWN THE PRESIDENTIAL FOOT



Westland, Princeton, Saturday to Tuesday — in 1899.—“Sunday night I brought Professor Woodrow Wilson down to the house, wanting to have him talk with the President on the subject Wilson is thinking and writing about,—namely, high politics,—and the relation of statesmanship to practical partizanship, etc. The professor wants to arrive at a working

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theory — to set forth considerations which will make it easier for men of conscience to remain in touch with the machinery of party. Mr. Cleveland said that it was sometimes perplexing to draw the line; to know how far one could go in yielding to the views of others. (He said to me once, referring to a contribution he had made to the campaign fund of 1892, that he had to oppose the politicians so often that he was always glad when there was anything he could conscientiously do that would please them.)

“After Professor Wilson went, Cleveland entered into details as to the relations of the President to the question of partizan appointments. He spoke of a certain large city where he had appointed a good postmaster. The question was on the assistant postmaster. A tremendous effort was made to have him appoint the local Democratic boss, the kind of boss, as he believed, who represented the most venal elements in both of the great parties. They sent on

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a delegation consisting of the postmaster himself, and some men who were classed as the President's friends. The ex-governor of the State, also a political friend, came, and either in that or another conversation alone pressed the appointment upon him very hard. The President told him he was surprised that the ex-governor should give in to such a request; the answer was that the candidate had played so fair in the election, had done so well, that although there had been no promises, they felt it was only just to recognize his services; a good thing for the party, etc.

“ ‘When the delegation had finished speaking, I looked out of the window a while, then said: “Gentlemen: Blank Blank will never in any circumstances be appointed assistant postmaster of Blank.” Then I looked out of the window again.’

“ In his talk with the ex-governor, after expressing his surprise, he said that he did not know whether he could stand up against the opinion of *all* his friends out

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there; one level-headed man especially he would like to hear from. In a few days he *did* hear from him, and he was confirmed in his opinion of the unfitness of the candidate." (In this case the appointment was in the hands of the postmaster, as I understand, but the President could have called for his resignation if the postmaster had done anything of which he disapproved.)

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1900



Gray Gables, Saturday, September 22, 1900, till Monday.—"Long talks about the campaign in progress. Constant attempts are being made to force an 'expression of opinion that would assist Bryan. These will be unsuccessful. He said he had written about four confidential letters; read one of the most explicit to me. He said there are *three* horns to this dilemma; McKinleyism, Bryanism, and the Bryanization of the Democratic Party.

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As a Democrat he thinks this last as great an evil as any; he cannot think that the party will keep on its present road; believes the time will come when it will turn against its present leaders, who have led it astray, away from sound Democratic principles. The papers had hinted that he had seen Olney's letter in favor of Bryan, that it was talked over, and, as it were, agreed upon before issuing; and that it was likely that Cleveland would himself come out before the election in a somewhat similar strain. He said that it was untrue; he had seen Olney but once this summer.

"I asked him about his relations with Bryan. I said, 'You were making a fight for good government — irrespective of any political doctrine or program. Did you feel that Bryan was one of the men in Congress whom you could count on in that fight?' He answered, 'Not the slightest; I remember his coming to me to get men into office, whom I generally found

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to be populists. I did n't look upon him as a genuine Democrat.' ”

TAXING COMBINATIONS, ETC.



Tyringham, July 11, 1901.—“ Mr. Cleveland was in one of his talkative moods to-night, telling first about the applications for loans, etc., received day by day in the belief that he had made three or four hundred thousand dollars in the recent Wall Street turn-over. To-day one man wanted to borrow the handy sum of \$25,000 (without security except a chattel mortgage), to assist him in the oyster business. Mr. Cleveland looked upon this request as an instance of the struggle to make large fortunes. He thought the rich were rather reckless in their goings-on, especially as to the effect upon the minds of poor men. The poor man heard constantly about combinations involving billions even, and bringing millions to a

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played on the Federal troops. Once he had accumulated \$150 in gold, and the Confederates found out about it and cleaned him out. There was a darky there that was nearer to an animal than any human being he had ever seen. His speech was hardly human. Some one asked him how old he was, and if he was a voter. He said he did n't know how old he was, but he always voted. It was during the campaign of 1888, and he was asked who were the candidates; he did n't know, but guessed he 'd find out on election day.' Some one pointed out the President, and asked him if he would vote for him if he ran. He looked at him sharply, and answered with a chuckle: 'Oh, yes, I 'd vote for dat man, if he ran.' Cleveland went on to tell about the way that colored men in the South, no matter how faithful to their old masters and employers, would always vote against them, no matter what the colored men were promised. They would die for their

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white friends, but not vote with them.

“He said that when he first ran for the Presidency some of the negroes were very much alarmed, the rumor having spread that if he were elected they would be put back into slavery. He heard that some of them flocked to their former masters, with the feeling that if they were to be enslaved they would rather pick their masters, and go back to the old places. He felt compelled upon this to issue a statement saying how absurd the idea was.

MR. SHERMAN AND THE CUBANS — WAS THE WAR JUSTIFIED?



“He told about the visit to him of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs concerning the Cuban situation. Mr. Sherman was a member of the Committee. They wanted to know all he could tell them as to the condition. He said that one thing troubled the Executive depart-

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ment very much in the conduct of affairs with Cuba, and that was the things that were said in Congress, for of course they might as well be said direct to the Spanish government. The gentlemen seemed opposed to annexation. Either then or at some other time the question arose as to whether Cuba would be less troublesome to us, if, perhaps, connected with Mexico. As to annexation, the President turned to Mr. Sherman and said: 'I see you are of your old opinion about Cuba.' 'What is that?' said Mr. Sherman. 'You had just visited the island,' said Mr. Cleveland, 'and you expressed to me your very strong opposition, as the result of your observation, to its annexation to the United States; you said the country was all right, but you didn't want the people.'

"Mr. Cleveland spoke of the pressure brought upon his second administration by Congress about Cuba, which pressure was resisted by the Administration. He said the other day, apropos of an edi-

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torial on certain despatches connected with the Cuban matter recently given to the public, that the editor said what he himself had said at the time, that there seemed to be really no justification for the attack upon Spain, as she was step by step meeting all the demands we made to her with relation to Cuba."

A DREAM



Tyringham, July 21, 1901.—"Mr. Cleveland told of a dream he had just had: that, 'without any preliminaries,' he was walking up-stairs and through the hall and offices of the White House to his desk there once more. He saw the different old clerks at their desks, and thought to himself, 'Well, this is queer, that I should be taking this thing up again.' When he got to the inner office, 'There was Thurber [his last private secretary] dancing a war-dance!'





From a photograph, copyright, 1903, by Rockwood

MR. CLEVELAND IN 1903

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“He seemed never to have had this dream before. I told him afterward that I constantly went back in my dreams to former employments, and asked him if he ever did this, and he said no. He also said that he never dreamed of what he actually was thinking about, evidently meaning that he was *not* thinking about going back to the White House.”

Westland, Sunday, December, 1901.—
“I stopped at Princeton on the way from Bordentown to New York. Found Mr. Cleveland still in bed, and somewhat weak after his attack of pneumonia. I spent some time with him in the evening, and again in the morning before taking the train. His lung trouble was a thing of the past, except in its effects. He was being troubled a bit with what was now, he said, promoted to be rheumatic gout, having formerly been called simple rheumatism. He said he supposed his somewhat weak condition exposed him to it, but that it had not taken hold very

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viciously. His complexion was good, and he seemed bright and cheerful; evidently was doing a good deal of book-reading. He seemed a shorn Samson, a giant lying helpless, reduced to the gentle ministries of the sick-room.

“He had noticed the death of an old Buffalo acquaintance, and he ran through his career for us. The event reminded him of his intimate association with this man in about the year 1856; they were thrown together a good deal, and both at that time made choice as to their respective national politics. His friend became a Republican, and he chose the Democratic party because it seemed to him to represent greater solidity and conservatism. He was, he said, repelled by the Frémont candidacy, which struck him as having a good deal of fuss and feathers about it. This seemed to me very characteristic.”

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THE PANAMA AFFAIR — A MESSAGE TO THE PRESIDENT



New York, February, 1904.—"Mr. Cleveland called in the afternoon on the way from Princeton after the Whitney funeral. Talked about the Panama Canal matter and the Philippines. He said to Root, whom he met at the funeral, that he did not want to talk about it, but just to send word to President Roosevelt that he wished he would do something for Colombia. Cleveland said to me that he hoped the President would do this. 'I would feel better,' he said, 'as a citizen; and you can tell how others feel by the way you feel yourself. Of course this would not undo any wrong that might have been done, but it would make us feel better.' It struck me as exceptional, and as a mark of Cleveland's simplicity and largeness of nature, that at the pressing moment, when his party was seeking for

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issues and trying to discredit President Roosevelt, his thought was not on partizan advantage, but on the honor of the country. Instead of cherishing his suggestion as a partizan asset, he wants the right thing done, and done at once. I asked him if the politicians were bothering him just now (about the nomination, I meant), and he said: 'Not much.'"

THE GREATEST GRIEF OF HIS LAST ADMINISTRATION



Westland, sometime after Roosevelt's election.—"Mr. Cleveland talked about the arbitration treaties which the Senate had amended, and the Senate in general. He said that even if the Senate believed it necessary to make some change, it should have been done in a more gracious way. He referred to the failure of the Olney-Pauncefote treaty in his second term as the greatest failure and grief of that ad-

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ministration. He spoke of the details of its framing; at first there were references apparently up to everybody except God, but that feature was modified. As finally formed, the treaty should have passed; he was deeply moved in talking about it.

“I said that nevertheless it was looked upon as the beginning of the new movement for arbitration, and his efforts for it were appreciated historically; and as for actually passing it, see even Roosevelt’s difficulty, with his great majority and prestige.

CORTELYOU



“I told him I had seen Cortelyou since the election, and that he told me he had read Mr. Cleveland’s letter about him and had been very much touched by it. That his idea in going in as Chairman was to try to make things better, and that the first thing he had done was to go over the

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‘literature’ of the campaign committee and see that there were no reflections on Mr. Cleveland. He thought Mr. Cleveland should have known that it was his object to improve methods.

“Mr. Cleveland was interested, and said, ‘Now, why was n’t the matter put in that light before the public?’”

“As to pledges by campaign committees, he said he had never been embarrassed by them in any of his campaigns. The only case of suspicion was one (which he mentioned) in his third Presidential campaign. He said possibly the manager had said something to one man about a foreign appointment, though he could never find out that it was so. But leaving that out, he said nothing done during a campaign by the managers ever embarrassed him.”

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“A CONSECRATION FROM THE PEOPLE”



Westland, 1901.—“I talked to him about the tremendous impression the scene of inauguration made upon me — I having been present at the time he took the oath the second time. He said that it seemed to him that a President on the occasion of his inauguration got a ‘consecration from the people.’

“He was just recovering from a brief illness. He lay on his cot in his own little writing-room up-stairs, and talked about peace among the nations, of his own youth, and of the solemn moment of the Presidential oath, with great intensity and feeling.”

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GOVERNMENT DEPOSITS —“ NOT ANOTHER
CENT ”



Time of Financial Panic.—“ Talk with Grover Cleveland on ferry, Mrs. Cleveland and the trained nurse along. He was walking with a cane. He spoke of the dangers of the present system of government deposits in times of stringency. As the custom existed, in default of a better plan, he supposed, they had to keep it up. In similar circumstances he had authorized Fairchild to deposit as far as twenty millions. When it got to fifty, he said to him: ‘Not another cent.’ He felt that when the Government might need the money and should have to withdraw it, the Government would be blamed for the withdrawal. He spoke with admiration of Morgan’s quiet, masterly way of coming to the rescue in the present crisis. He said he did not see much of him at the time of the bond issue, in his Presidency,



MR. CLEVELAND AT HIS SUMMER HOME, "INTERMONT," TAMWORTH, N. H.

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but that he had 'got a liking for him.' Mr. Cleveland was very sympathetic with the wage-earners, who would suffer in the hard times."

THE BAIT STORY



Tamworth, September, 1906.—"Out with Mr. Cleveland looking over the site for a dam for a proposed little lake on the place, in sight of the house, and laying out lines for low, curving walls by the carriage drive. He wanted the drive ample, but not so wide as to look like a main road. He altered a curve somewhat, after the stones had been laid. When appealed to, I said: 'If you see it wrong now, you will later; so you had better change it now.'

"Cleveland was once talking with Senator Voorhees about a renomination (for a second term), and took the ground that he was 'willing to sow and to let others reap.' 'Oh, no,' said Voorhees, 'you must

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reap as well as sow.' This in connection with the advance of opinion and practice in many ways on lines which he had advocated when President.

"He said some of the men who talked that way were really meeting to confer upon obtaining some other candidate.

"He told me the story of the old darky who risked his life when out fishing to save a small darky. He was asked whether the boy was his own. 'Oh, no, sah; he not my son.' 'Well, was he some relative that you risked your life for him?' 'No, sah; he no relative; no, sah.' 'Then why did you plunge in in that reckless way and fetch him out?' 'Well, sah, the fact is, sah, that that boy had the bait.'

TARIFF AND WARM WEATHER



"Cleveland fell into reminiscences about his second term. He thought that the

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Presidential term should be lengthened or that the prejudice against a third term should be removed. He repeated what he had said before — that at the beginning of the first term there was a long session of Congress, but the President was new, and did not know the ropes thoroughly — did not know upon whom he could rely. In the next long session Congressmen wanted to get away from Washington to ‘look after their fences.’ He said he could have got a decenter tariff bill through if Congressmen had been willing to stay in Washington as the warm weather came on. They could not be held; they would go back to their districts. W. L. Wilson himself was handicapped by the condition of his health. He went into detail as to conversations with Gorman. He tried to get hold of Brice and Gorman. Brice came, and while he talked pleasantly enough, being an interesting man, he would say nothing decisive about the bill, except that Gorman had gone out of town, it being

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Saturday, and that Cleveland had better write to Gorman and ask him to call. He hated to do so, would prefer an oral message, but thinking he should omit no effort in behalf of the measure, he did write, asking him, if he happened to be in town Sunday, to call at any time convenient to him, or else on Monday morning as early as possible. When he called, on Monday, Cleveland asked him if he could not help the bill along. Gorman said that Senator Vilas's motion in caucus in favor of putting coal and iron on the free list might stand in the way of the passage of any bill at all. Cleveland said this was Vilas's own affair. Cleveland asked Gorman whether there would be much more talking. He said there would be. 'Do you expect to speak?' Yes, he thought he would have something to say. In fact, he *did* speak, and took strong ground against the Administration's position, accusing the President of action which would break up the Democratic party. Cleveland was told

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the points of the speech, there being much talk about it; but refrained from reading it. He denounced Gorman strongly for his action in crippling the bill. He thought it was outrageous conduct.

A CONFEDERATE IN THE CABINET



“He talked about Secretary Herbert’s good feeling and coöperation as a cabinet officer. He had said to Herbert once: ‘I put you in here on account, among other things, of your being an old, wounded Confederate officer, but thinking I might have differences with you on some points owing to this very fact; but we have no trouble at all in such matters: in fact, the representative in the cabinet of the Young South, Hoke Smith, seems to be more pronounced than the representative of the Old.’”

GROVER CLEVELAND:

THE DANGER FROM CRANKS



“Mr. Cleveland got to talking about the danger from cranks. His neighbors near Woodley, his out-of-town Washington residence, suggested, without his knowledge, that some one should follow behind him, by way of protection, when he drove out to his country home. He found it out by accident. He did not like it, but did nothing to prevent it. He himself never thought of danger. He said, however, that he thought that insane persons should be looked after, and restrained, according to the degree of insanity and the danger of their doing harm. He told of a man who got in to see him on the pretext of talking about Mormonism, and then began to talk in a crazy way on the whole sex question. Later this man was confined, but was afterwards released. He came to see him in Princeton, and was treated with kindness.

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NOT ANXIOUS FOR HIS FIRST PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION



“He spoke of his first nomination for the Presidency. One reason, he said, that Manning succeeded in nominating his candidate was, perhaps, because the candidate was not particularly anxious himself for the nomination. While Governor, and at a time when his name was being connected with the nomination, he sent for Manning and said he thought it would be better to drop the matter. He was interested in his work as Governor, had begun to get hold of it, and was satisfied to serve the state of New York. Manning said: ‘Oh, don’t do that! Don’t make confusion just now! At least, let it drift along till the Convention meets, and then we can see what is best to be done.’

“Immediately after this conversation, he wrote to Manning in the same vein. He did not care to give up his office as

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Governor and undertake the Presidency, though of course the opinion of one man might not be so valuable as that of a party. At any rate, he would not for a moment consent to the use of his name as Vice-President. This letter he had often spoken of, but he had no copy of it, and Manning was in the habit of destroying all his letters. Last year, however, one of Cleveland's sisters came East to visit the family, and said one day: 'Grove, I have some papers that I think I will give back to you. You gave them to me at Albany when you were Governor, and told me to take good care of them.' She did send them to him, and there were the original drafts of three important letters, including the Manning letter. He said he was surprised to find how well he had remembered its history."

Westland, June 27, 1907.—"Went to Princeton to see Mr. Cleveland, who had had a serious attack. It was curious to



GOVERNOR WILLIAM E. RUSSELL AS SPORTSMAN

Mr. F. G. Webster is at the left. Photograph taken by Mr. Harry Dutton,
at Owl's Nest Camp, on Jenkins Pond, near
Falmouth, Massachusetts

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see him at last submissive to a trained nurse. The attack was over and he was now kept in bed only by gout. He said that his last attack was a pretty bad 'twist.' I asked him about the stories of the night he was last nominated for the Presidency, when Governor Russell, Jefferson, and some of the Jefferson boys were with him. He smiled when I spoke of his suddenly remembering that he had not dried his fishing-lines. He spoke of the wonderful beauty of the dawn, which they went out to see. His tone was serious and awed in speaking of this. He brought up the subject of Stewart's new book, 'Partners of Providence,' which he had read with the greatest pleasure. He smiled reminiscently in speaking of it."

GROVER CLEVELAND:

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON MANY THEMES



SOME characteristic extracts from Mr. Cleveland's correspondence are now given with their dates.

"Oct. 20, 1891

"Mr. Simmons from the Times wants to get up a Marion 'fish story,' and I want you, if it won't interrupt you too much, to add a little of your *veracity* to what I mean to furnish him."

"June 11, 1897

"I shall look for you Wednesday morning and I mean to ask Prof. West to-morrow if you won't be obliged to wear your toggery too. The fox that lost his tail tried to make all the other foxes believe that short tails were the fashion. . . .

"I thank you for the time you spent with me on Thursday."

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A COMMON PLANE OF BROTHERHOOD.



“ Westland, Princeton, New Jersey.

“ Nov. 20, 1897

“ I have just read something which was sent me by its author which I enclose together with the letter that accompanied it. Your thoughts have probably been so much in the same direction that you may not be as much interested as I was; but to my mind the paper presents the *utility* of art and culture in a new and most useful way. What we need in this country is reconciliation and some common plane of brotherhood between the rich and poor.

“ The North American Review wants me to write an article on the political outlook or something like that, but after pretty full consideration I am nearly at the point of declination. I have not consulted you about it because I have supposed the Century would not want anything of that sort from me in any event. I have

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about made up my mind that just now no very great number of my fellow citizens care to hear or read what I might say or write. If I can ever do any more good in behalf of my countrymen, I do not think the time is *now*.

“ . . . The ‘young fellow’ is asleep up-stairs. I think as you say, that we struck the name [Richard] pretty nearly right ‘Grandfather or no Grandfather.’ There are others.”

“ *Westland, Princeton, New Jersey.*

“ *May 23, 1898*

“Your fish story is all right. The drawing you send me is conclusive. So is the fact that you have eaten the fish. Certainly a fish could neither be laid on a paper and its outline traced, nor be eaten unless it was caught. And then too I am a fisherman and never doubt a fish story that another fisherman tells.”

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A "BUSINESS PRESIDENCY" THAT CAME
TO NOTHING.



"Westland, Princeton, New Jersey.

"Oct. 27, 1899

"I hardly know what to say in reply to your kind letter. Your friend speaks of a business Presidency as I understand. I have lately declined an offer of such a position to which was attached a very large salary, because I did not think I could do all the situation demanded and make the project a success. I am afraid I should come to the same conclusion in considering another proposition. I am not happy in the thought that sometimes crowds into my mind, leading to the fear that my working days are over; though I know that in every way limitations hamper me. Yet I also know I ought to earn something if I can; and I am not sure that I am justified in *drifting* the rest of my life. I wonder if I might not have just a little

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hint of the kind of position your friend has in mind, before I positively say I cannot undertake it. . . .

“I am so sure that the best thing I can do at present is to keep still, that I am sorry almost that I consented to talk to the college boys.”

“*Princeton May 27, 1901*

“I am glad to learn that the new boat floats in the ice pond; but do you consider it to be an open question whether it will float in a fish pond with me in *it* — the *boat* not the *pond*? ”

“*Princeton, Mch 22, 1902*

“ . . . Don't forget at any time — whatever you do — that ‘good men are scarce.’

“As for myself — the scarcity of good men being entirely irrelevant — I shall, on my own account, and because I am led to believe it is desired by my wife and children, live as long as I can. To this end,

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I intend to start in a few days on a trip to Florida, in the hope that warm weather will force the miserable thing that has held me so long, to let go its grip. Mrs. Cleveland will go with me and, after staying a week or so, will return — leaving me there. This movement does not in any of its phases indicate anything serious, but rather a tendency on the part of weak human nature to excuse loaferism by impressing into its service a hint of impaired health. The days are near at hand when the trout in your new pond will be looking for you; and you won't be there to meet their expectations — and haply your own. I wish I could hope to 'blunder away' at them myself.

“With us there is occasionally a slight intimation the Spring will come — sometime — though I have not much faith in its innuendoes. I see, however, as I write, eight children, happy in self-delusion, playing on our grounds.”

GROVER CLEVELAND:

CRITICISM OF THE SENATE



“ Gray Gables. Buzzards Bay.

“ Massachusetts, July 27, 1902

“ I do not recall the incident Mr. Nelson refers to — that is in just the way he puts it.

“ I made a nomination once in New Jersey which caused McPherson to give me notice that he would hereafter make no recommendations for appointment in his State — to which I replied that I would get along without that assistance. I knowingly and deliberately sent two nominations to the Senate very much against the wishes of both the Senators from Missouri. Both gave out that they would thereafter in no way indicate to me any wish concerning appointments in their State. I never saw Senator Vest in the White House afterwards. Senator Cockerell came once at my request and in the course of the conversation gave me the same notice that

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Senator McPherson had and got the same answer. I may have said at some time the thing referred to about losing a State, &c., but I am quite certain I never said it to the Senator of the State in question. I am anxious to have Mr. Nelson's article a bold and pungent one. He cannot make it too severe. Of all things that can be imagined as absurd and inconsistent with the strong and proper operation of our Government, the Senate as at present, and for years past, organized, reaches the extreme.

“I wrote an article for the Saturday Evening Post (Philadelphia) which appeared sometime in April last entitled ‘The President and His Patronage,’ which I hope Mr. Nelson has seen. It might give him a hint or two.

“If an article is to appear in the Century intending to inform our people of Senatorial abuses, it ought to be so thorough as to leave nothing further to be said. The combination among the members of

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that body to oppose any Presidential nomination distasteful to the Senators of a State, is not put any too strong by Mr. Nelson and can be abundantly established by instances.”¹

“HOME SURROUNDINGS”



“*Gray Gables. Buzzards Bay.*

“*Massachusetts, July 4, 1903*

“I read your John Wesley poem with great delight, and I thank you for sending it to me. You remember the story of the man who, after hearing Webster speak, put the climax on his praise of the grand effort, by exclaiming: ‘Why I understood every word of it.’ I not only understood but felt every word of your poem. I thank God that I have had an experience and home surroundings which make me

¹ See “The Overshadowing Senate,” by Henry Loomis Nelson, *THE CENTURY* for February, 1903.

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more sensitive, as the years pass, to the things you have so touchingly defined."

"MORE CLEVELAND LUCK!"



"Princeton, March 21, 1904

"I am feeling very much gratified by the turn political affairs are taking — in a personal, selfish sense. I am quite sure I am to be eliminated by the course of events and without volition or action of my own.

"More Cleveland luck!"

"Tamworth, N. H., July 30, 1905

"We arrived at home safely early Thursday afternoon. Jefferson and Lamont! who next? As Charley Goodyear said at Millbrook: 'They are all leaving us.'"

"Princeton, Jan. 2, 1906

"I received your letter this morning. I would be provoked with you for getting

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sick again and subjecting yourself to another term of house-imprisonment if it were not for the fact that I myself entered upon a like line of conduct on Christmas morning, and persisted until I saw a new light a day or two ago. I am now fully convinced that a real sensible man may sometimes be overtaken by sickness; but I am as fully determined that at a time like this, when good men are so dreadfully scarce, it behooves you and me to look out."

"THE HEIGHTS OF SIXTY-NINE"



"Stuart, March 18, 1906

"From the heights of sixty-nine, I write to assure you that this is a happy day in my life, and to tell you how happy I am that you have made it so — more by your own loving message of congratulation than by those you have inspired. I have been so deeply impressed by it all, that I

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have had many struggles between smiles and tears as I read the words of affection and praise that have met me at the gate of entrance to another year. Somehow I am wondering why all this should be, since I have left many things undone I ought to have done in the realm of friendship, and since in the work of public life and effort, God has never failed to clearly make known to me the path of duty. And still it is in human nature for one to hug the praise of his fellows and the affection of friends, to his bosom as his earned possessions. I am no better than this; but I shall trust you to acquit me of affectation when I say to you that in to-day's mood there comes the regret that the time is so shortened within which I can make further payment to the people that have honored and trusted me, and can make amends for neglected friendships.

“You speak in your note to Doctor Bryant of the mode of acknowledging the congratulations that I have received.

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There are more than fifty of them. A majority at least I want to acknowledge entirely in my own way and in my own hand. Will it not do for me to write replies to as many as possible while here (though it will have to be done under difficulties) and postpone the others until I return to Princeton probably the 10th of April or thereabouts? Is it your proposition to send to each a *copy* of a reply I shall write without my signature, or to return copies here for me to sign after they are made under your direction?

“It’s not a very convenient place to write, but I believe I could dispose of a number of replies if it will do to defer the remainder to my return.”

As a matter of fact Mr. Cleveland finally insisted upon acknowledging all these letters with his own hand.

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“THE CALDWELL INCIDENT,”



A small, self-constituted committee, some time before Mr. Cleveland's seventieth birthday, began making arrangements for a public celebration of that event. His portrait was to be painted for the occasion. When the time came to obtain his consent, he firmly declared that he could not “lend” his “countenance” to the affair, and the plan had to be relinquished. However, on the birthday, Professor West (at his initiation), with President John H. Finley and myself, placed a bronze commemorative tablet (which a small group had subscribed for) in the room in which Mr. Cleveland was born.

“Princeton, March 25, 1907

“It was a complete misfit — a travesty on things as they should be — that I should be disporting in balmy air and all creature comforts, while you cold, hungry and mis-

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erably forlorn, were finding your way to Caldwell, for the purpose of marking the time and place of my birth. You did what you ought not to have done. There is no process of calculation by which it can be made to appear a profitable investment for you. And yet when men reach the age of seventy I believe their mental movements grow self-centred to such an extent, that, consciously or unconsciously, they sort of believe their gratitude to be in some measure compensating to those who know them or suffer discomforts on their behalf.

“ I am so near to this memorable age of seventy, that I cannot tell at this moment how much I am under the influence of this idea. But my dear friend, one thing I know: Your kindnesses have been so many, and have extended through so many years, that the pages set apart for their record are full; and I long ago abandoned all hope of redeeming the one-sidedness of the account.

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“You must I think see how impossible it is for me to do more than to say to you, that I am profoundly moved by the conception of the Caldwell incident and by the beauty of its completed manifestation.”

CLEVELAND AND ROOSEVELT AGAIN



When writing about the relations between Cleveland and Roosevelt on an earlier page, I ought to have mentioned an incident of their acquaintance. One evening early in Roosevelt's Presidency Mr. and Mrs. Procter of Kentucky and Mrs. Gilder and I were at dinner at the White House. Before leaving the East Room for the state dining-room Mr. Procter (who was formerly Roosevelt's chief, having been president of the Civil Service Commission) said to me: “Do you remember that the first time Roosevelt dined in this house it was when he and I and our wives were invited by

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the Clevelands to meet you and Mrs. Gilder?" I said: "I remember the dinner, but I wouldn't repeat that without making sure from the President himself." Pretty soon I saw Procter and the President and Mrs. Gilder with their heads together, and coming up I heard the President say: "Yes, that's a fact; that was the first time I ever dined in the White House. I had lunched here, but President Harrison never asked me here to dinner." So it was a President of the opposite party who first had the future President, Roosevelt, to dine with him in the house he was himself so soon to occupy. The incident illustrates both Mr. Cleveland's attitude toward civil service reform, and toward Mr. Roosevelt personally.

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CLEVELAND'S HUMOROUS SIDE



As the reader has seen, I sometimes jotted down Mr. Cleveland's sayings, trying to keep a little of the flavor of his talk. I did this because I knew that he was neglecting his own record, and it seemed a pity, for his sake, to let so many interesting incidents, and so many illuminating phrases, pass into oblivion. But I was not willing to spoil a valued intercourse by getting into an anxious state of mind about it, as would have been the case if I had tried persistently to follow up his conversation with notes.

So this "Record of Friendship" is necessarily brief, though I hope not without use in presenting some of the characteristics of the man to the minds of those who have desired a nearer acquaintance with an important and little known personality. Indeed, I may say here that I am extremely gratified at the reception given this "Rec-

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ord," as indicated by the comments of the press and by letters and word of mouth. My chief object in publication seems to have been already largely accomplished.

I wish I could give a better idea of the President's humorous side. His sister, Mrs. Yeomans, very kindly lets me print her account, in a letter to me, of a slight but indicative incident of his boyhood:

In the fifties the N. Y. State Fair was held alternately in various cities — before permanent grounds and buildings were placed at Syracuse. Utica was the place selected the year that Grover was in school, and our family resided in Clinton, which was but eight miles from Utica. Uncle Lewis Allen was then a breeder of Short Horn Cattle and much interested in the Exhibit of stock, and made daily trips from our house during Fair week, always inviting some of the family to accompany him. Grover was pleased with the animal shows and went from one group to another examining them critically but making no comments. A group of young donkeys with greatly accentuated ears seemed

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to fascinate him, and after observing them for some time he inquired their age, and was told they were but six months old. Quite incredulously, but without a smile, he asked, "Are the ears the same age?"

A shout of laughter from the bystanders followed him, as he sauntered indifferently away; and a droll look accompanied his recital when he told us, in a nonchalant way, of the incident on his return home. I was so much younger than my brother, and had such a respect for his standing and influence among the flock of children to which I belonged, that he became a hero to me at an early age, and whatever he did was more or less remarkable in my eyes. I was convulsed with laughter or dissolved in tears according to his mood, so that when I read that he was a man utterly without humor I hardly recognized him.

There are innumerable stories of Mr. Cleveland's amusing sayings, one of the best known being his remark to his friend Professor John H. Finley, when Mr. Finley told him that there was water in the

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cellar of the house which he rented from the ex-President in Princeton. To which the landlord promptly replied: "What did you expect? Champagne?"

LOOKING BACK



In his conversation he had an endless store of humorous and serious recollections. As the years were added, without losing his natural dignified reticence and reserve, he allowed himself greater freedom in the expression of his deeper feelings. To the last he kept his keen interest in public affairs, and never lost the fire of his patriotism. He felt that his lately assumed life-insurance responsibilities and duties were only another line of public service to be performed with the old scrupulous detail. He was always hoping that his party would resume its active usefulness in government. He said of its leaders, "They have let the other side

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steal their sound-money issue, and if they are not careful, they will let them steal the tariff issue, too!"

It was very touching, for those who were near him, to see him endure the heavy strain of his executive career, then pass through a period, in his final retirement, when he was misunderstood and slighted; then emerge into an atmosphere of public appreciation and regard, enjoying, in his later years, a sort of posthumous recognition, hinting at the fair judgments and honoring verdicts of history. There were some personal incidents of the afternoon Memorial meeting of March last which were overlooked by many, but which illustrated what was in the mind of some present, who had declared, in remembering gratitude, that Cleveland had been "a noble enemy."

It has come to this, that his fellow countrymen in general, even those that dissent from his political opinions, recognize in Grover Cleveland a man who, being mortal,

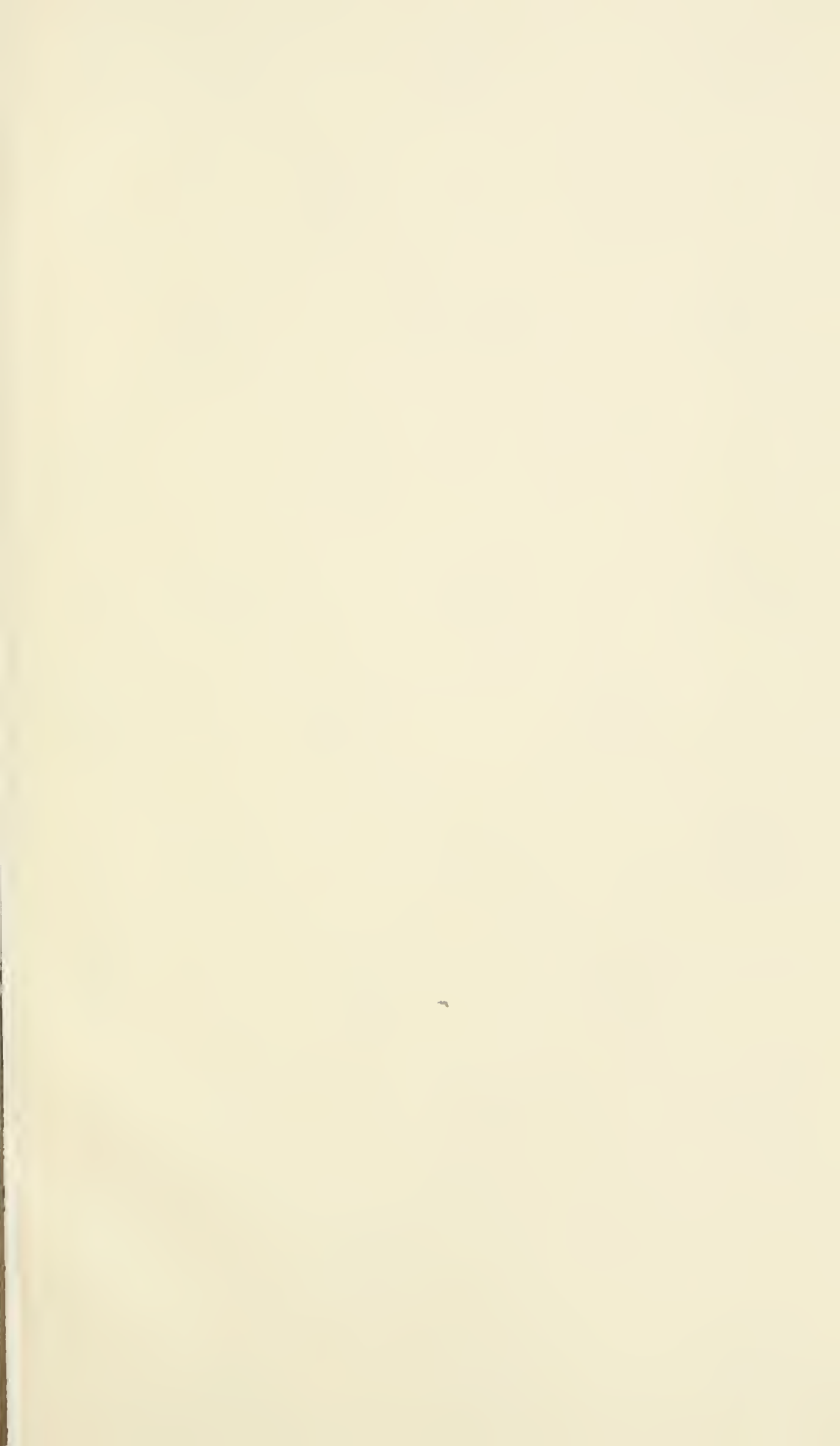
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was not without fault and limitation, yet who stands preëminent for unfeigned purity of intention, for singular frankness, for scrupulous and unusual honesty, for faithfulness to duty, for resolution, for courage, and, above all, for absorbing, dominating patriotism. It is not strange that almost the last words that were heard to fall from his lips were these:

“I HAVE TRIED SO HARD TO DO RIGHT.”



THE END





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